Nothing ordered

17

New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LXII · No. 1606 FRIDAY · 22 DECEMBER 1961 NINEPENCE

GOA
Report from New Delhi
and Francis Williams
on Goa & the Press

★

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
The Eichmann Lesson

★

BARBARA CASTLE
Immigrants from the
Common Market

★

PAUL JOHNSON
The Art of Opposition

★

TAURUS
ICI/Courtauld Merger

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
Canonical Chekhov

★

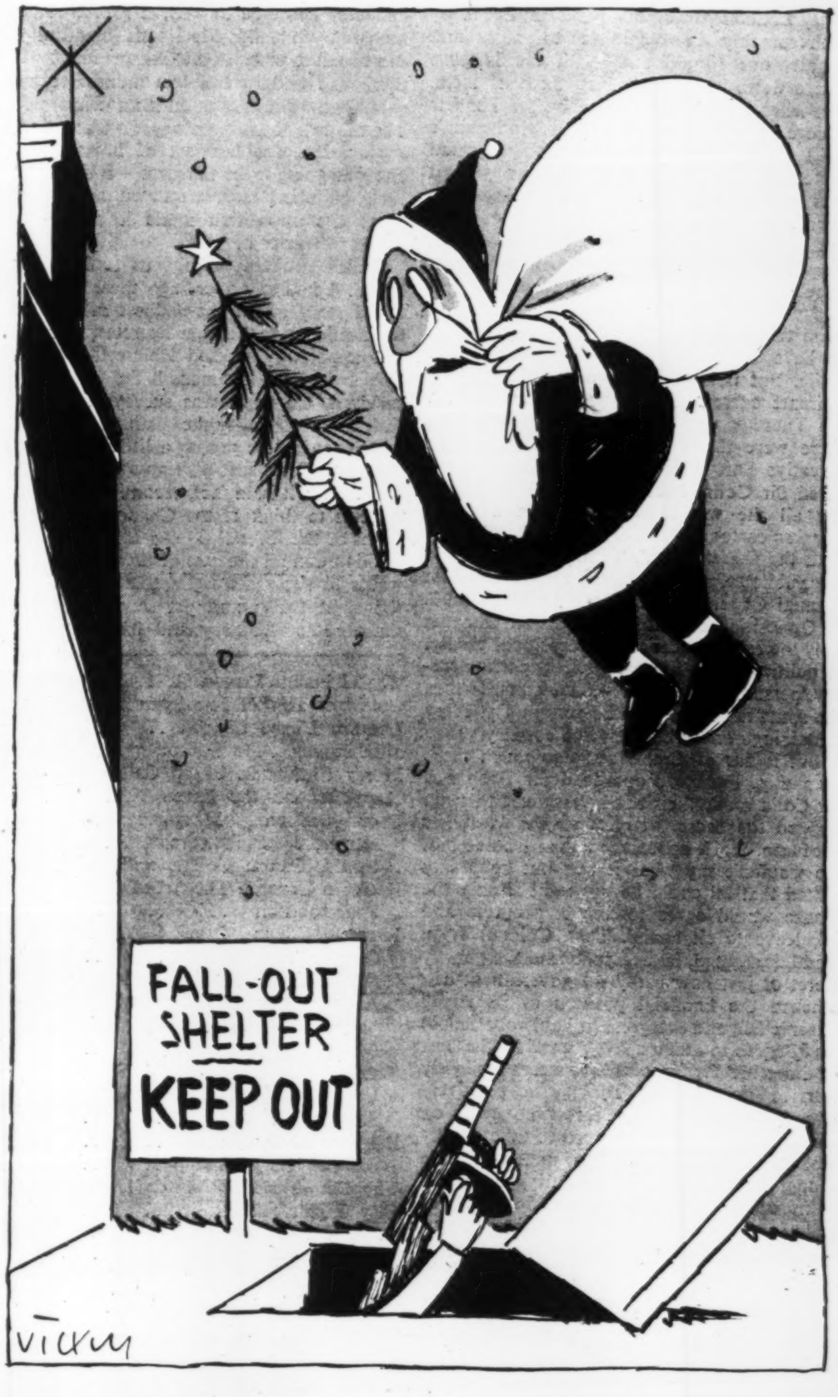
ALAN SILLITOE
Ximbombas

★

PHILIP CALLOW
Merry Christmas

★

A Belgrave Diary by
an English Gentleman



XUM

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Larger than Life

ANTHONY HOWARD

Perhaps it was the knowledge that one would not be seeing them all again for four weeks, or conceivably an apprenticeship of a mere six months has taken its toll and the hallucinations have already set in. In any case all sorts of things in parliament this week seemed to reach their apotheosis. The government – or so one recalls it – has mislaid a financial treaty, it has apparently never known of the way in which the army is paid, and in the resulting chaos the House of Commons itself (partly thanks to the heroic efforts of a couple of Tory knights) bid fair to put every London pantomime out of business.

Presumably in deference to rank and degree, one should start with the knights. There were, in point of fact, three of them. Yet when on Monday afternoon Sir Thomas Moore rose to his feet (and to Mr Callaghan's bait) to announce that if his company had increased any dividends in the past year it was simply out of the desire 'to keep my promise to the shareholders' and 'carry out my word to the public', the temptation was not to take it very seriously. Sir Thomas Moore is, after all . . . Sir Thomas Moore; and with a few cheerful cries of 'Flog him' from the Labour benches, the matter seemed to have been passed on with an indulgent smile. But it is plainly a mistake to underestimate current Tory capacity for comedy. On Tuesday up went the curtain again and there were the Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party, Sir Toby Low, and a monocled Sir Colin Thornton-Kemsley behaving for all the world like figures in a *Daily Worker* cartoon. 'In order not to break faith with the shareholders', 'Firm commitment to the public', 'Chairman had announced at the Annual General Meeting' – above the howls of Opposition delight it was possible to catch only the full richness of the occasional phrase. If politics – and more especially parliamentary 'personal statements' – have come to this, the shutters should soon be going up at every remaining variety house in the country.

But it has of course come to much more than that. For no sooner had Sir Toby and Sir Colin made their triumphant exit than up popped the Secretary of State for War, Mr Profumo. He, it appeared, was in trouble too. He wouldn't say what it was but he darkly hinted that all could be put right if only the House would agree to 'report progress and ask leave to sit again'. Then Colonel Wigg could, it seemed, let everyone into the ghastly secret of just how badly the government had botched the financial position of its Army Reserve Bill and everyone (suitably chastened) could agree to make a fresh start. At the best of times Mr Profumo always wears a slightly worried look; but on Tuesday he positively resembled one of those depressing people on the hoardings who badly need to take a daily tablet. Which perhaps was understandable enough, since things have clearly passed the point of no return when the Secretary of State for War has to confess that the arrangements for the payment of the army have been up to now a secret he has never understood.

Yet Mr Profumo – who ended up by vainly asking the House's leave to withdraw the motion he himself had originally proposed – was not the worst sinner. Only the day before, Mr Heath came trippingly forward to announce that a formal financial loan agreement had been mislaid and that it had never somehow reached its destination on the table of the House of Commons.

Apparently two months ago some men from the Treasury had sat round a table with the 'gnomes of Zurich' (who happened that day to be in Berne) and had successfully extracted from them the promise of 215m Swiss francs on the good old HP. Happy and triumphant, back they came to London with their smiles still wreathed in satisfaction until one dark December morning someone suddenly woke up with a scowl and remembered that no one had ever bothered to tell the House of Commons. So up stands Mr Heath (bland as they can come) to propose that an agreement which there had been a full two months to ratify should now go through on the nod in ten days. The faintest hint of apology, no trace at all of explanation, the heaviest of hopes that no one was going to be tiresome – followed by a look of blank and wounded astonishment when the opposition made it clear that it would not wear it.

Which probably brings us to Mr Selwyn Lloyd. Years and years ago there used to be a sad story about the saddest of all British Chancellors. As Foreign Secretary Mr Lloyd had apparently wanted his portrait painted. The artist was summoned, the sittings were survived, the work was surveyed. The artist waited, Mr Lloyd spoke. 'Paint', he is alleged to have said, 'the mouth a little more firmly.'

If a tragic tale, it also now has the ring of a true one: it is, in fact, becoming increasingly difficult to think of the Chancellor except in terms of the *Wizard Of Oz*. Like the tin man, the lion and all the rest of them he so plainly wants to show the right qualities and to do the right thing; and yet somehow his very sense of insufficiency and insecurity always prevents the consummation from coming about.

It happened, of course, again this week. The primary business of parliament was, after all, the Wage Pause. No one naturally is any longer pretending that the flirtation between Mr Lloyd and the TUC has been an affair of the heart. But until last Monday there was at least the odd sign that a marriage of convenience might conceivably be arranged. Mr George Woodcock, if not an ardent suitor, has been a hard-headed one; and until this week's economic debate the impression was fairly widely abroad that all the Chancellor had to do was to say a few ingratiating words and the ring might still be slipped on the finger.

But what did the luckless Mr Lloyd do? He gave his by now famous imitation of a turkey-cock, with his head bouncing about all over the place, and said nothing to any purpose whatsoever. Indeed the only meaningful words that one did hear sounded very much like the closing of the door which Mr Woodcock only a week or so ago had eased gently open. Sir Andrew Shone, the new Director-General of the embryo National Economic Development Council is, no doubt, an admirable fellow but the TUC might well have looked on both him and his organisation with rather more favour if they had been given even a still small voice in the making of his appointment.

Did Mr Lloyd, with that somewhere-over-the-rainbow word of his – 'indeterminate' – mean to do it? Probably we shall never know. Indeed one of the terrifying thoughts about British politics is that Mr Lloyd almost certainly does not know himself.

In fact the more one looks at the government's wooing of the TUC over the past five months, the more it seems to belong as yet another part of that same familiar pattern of indecision and ineptitude. In terms of fulfilment of effort there has been nothing like it in the annals of romance since Jacob spent 21 years waiting for the hand of Rachel (and at least Jacob got what he wanted in the end). The plain unvarnished truth is that here – as in so many other matters – the government faces a straight choice, and there is clearly nothing at the moment that alarms it more than that. If Mr Lloyd wants the TUC represented on his National Economic Development Council, he will have to pay a price; if he is unwilling to pay the price, then he faces the prospect of having to do without the TUC. And the whole absurd minuet that has been danced ever since July stems, one suspects, from that simple dilemma. (Heaven protect us when Mr Lloyd has to start taking detailed decisions about a decimal coinage!)

Perhaps indeed it is wrong to single out Mr Lloyd – for on this issue he has done no more than vividly portray the government's new-found paralysis. There are a lot of riddles in politics today, but none possibly is more intriguing than why not one single back-bench Conservative has managed effectively to cash-in on what are now only too obviously the party's present discontents.

In terms of a collapse of confidence there has never perhaps been anything quite like it. Who, for example, in those brave days of last October would have thought that an opposition front-bench spokesman could get away with announcing as a bald statement of fact in a crowded House of Commons that the government had lost the confidence of the country and that the Labour Party now had two years in which to gain it? Mr Callaghan did it this week to not a single shout of contradiction.

The Eichmann Lesson. R. H. S. Crossman 949
Common Market Immigrants. B. Castle 950
London Diary. Charon 951
Ximbombas. Alan Sillitoe 954
Merry Christmas. Philip Callow .. 954
Happiness on the Farm. N. Mitchison 956
Correspondence. Margaret Cole, J. Hendy, John Boardman, Sir Ronald Gould, Canon Collins and others .. 956
Books in General: The Art of Opposition. Paul Johnson 959
Poems. Edwin Brock, A. Alvarez, Charles Tomlinson 960, 966
Reviews. G. S. Fraser, Colin Haycraft, Anthony Howard, John Roberts, V. S. Naipaul, Leonard Schapiro, Peter Porter, Reyner Banham 960
Arts and Entertainment. V. S. Pritchett, David Sylvester, John Coleman, G. W. Stonier 966
Belgrave Diary 969
Week-end Competitions 970
The Countryside. Edward Hyams .. 970
City Lights. Taurus 971

© *The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd 1961*

NEXT WEEK

Honours and Awards

How the racket works

Comments on the Week's News

Goa

The Greater of Two Evils

With profound sorrow the NEW STATESMAN joins the remainder of the British press (with, so far as we know, the sole exception of the *Daily Worker*) in deploring Mr Nehru's decision to settle by force of arms his dispute with the Portuguese administration in Goa. To do so is not to subscribe to the vicious and vulgar attacks on Nehru perpetrated in one or two London newspapers. Nor is it to deny that India has a case. In fact, that case is a strong one. Goa, under Portuguese rule, was a concentration camp of colonialism in a way that British India never was. Looking back with hindsight to 1947, one can now see that the failure to insist on Portuguese evacuation at that time was a tragic error. Since then, however, it has been accepted by responsible opinion everywhere that Goa is fundamentally part of India, and all that has remained in doubt has been the method and timing of the liquidation of Portuguese colonial rule.

But the Portuguese dictator is not one who can be moved by reason or justice to give up possessions; and for 14 years the government of India has been seeking in vain to negotiate a just and reasonable settlement. The people of Goa have been living under tyranny which, if not so brutal as that suffered by their fellow subjects in Angola, is a total denial of both liberty and democracy.

Moreover in recent months, according to the government of India, the Portuguese administration has been increasingly chaotic, and therefore increasingly capricious and cruel. Finally, allege the Indians, have come recent incidents of hostile acts by the Portuguese against Indian citizens across the frontier or at sea. However much the details of these 'provocations' may be exaggerated, nobody need doubt the validity of the essential Indian complaint – that the Portuguese tyranny in Goa is an intolerable affront to civilised standards and that the Portuguese have obstinately refused to negotiate any acceptable solution to the problem.

Mr Nehru would presumably go on to argue that all this amounts to the use of military force by the Portuguese, and that in ordering Indian troops to enter Goa and liberate its people he was merely meeting force with force. But it is this argument that won't wash. In the first place Nehru has not convinced even his friends outside India that all the alternatives to war had been fully explored. It is true that the Portuguese, covertly egged on by at least some of their Nato allies, have stubbornly rejected both reasonable negotiation and the good offices of the UN. But it is at least possible that, as the situation deteriorated, Indian diplomacy, if more imaginatively deployed, could have marshalled irresistible pressures on Portugal. Suppose India had taken Goa to the Security Council this last week as an immediate threat to peace? Suppose Nehru had responded to U Thant's appeal for caution with a formal request for a UN investigation? It is by no means certain that Salazar (even with the help of the UK) would have been able to hold out against the weight of world opinion. If he had, then at least the world would have been witness to the fact that India had exhausted the alternatives. It is a tragic piece of irony that, as things are, Salazar has been given the chance to use the UN against India.

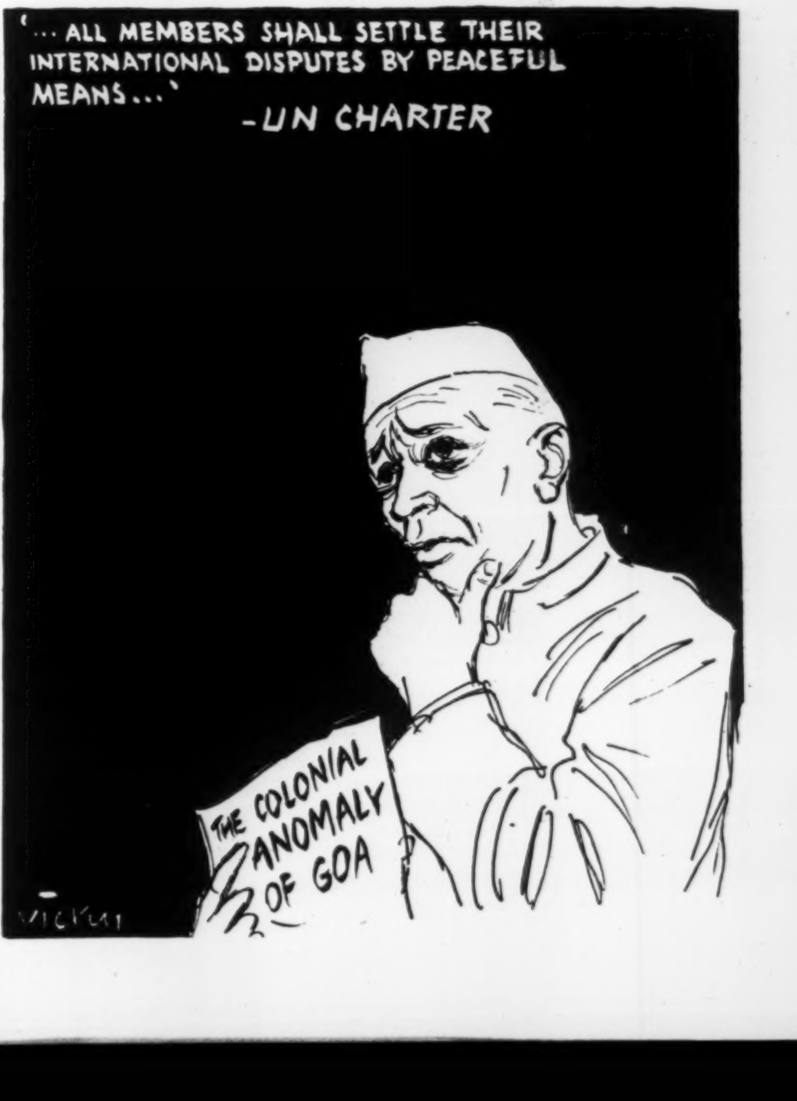
But the real disaster to international law and morality is simpler even than that. The member nations of the UN solemnly undertake not merely to exhaust the alternatives before they impose their will by force, but to abandon the use of force as a means of settling their disputes. That means in plain language that, if problems cannot be solved without force, they have to remain unsolved until the situation changes. It is not clear that India could not have lived with the problem of Goa for a few months or years more. It is not clear that if she had done so, the Portuguese situation would not have changed to the point at which a peaceful solution could have been found. It is, alas, clear that, patience exhausted – and perhaps understandably so, the Indian government found it advantageous to use military force to achieve its ends.

We sympathise with the Indians. We appreciate the pressure to take decisive action against Portuguese colonialism which Afro-Asian opinion has brought to bear. We believe that Nehru means what he says when he promises the people of Goa a freer, happier, richer life within the democratic Republic of India. We believe that the majority of Goans will come to agree with him. But the price of these gains is a terrible one. As far as Britain is concerned, it is the friends not the enemies of Nehru's India who feel the greatest shock. The British Left, which has condemned the Russians over Hungary, the British and French over Suez, the Americans over Cuba, and which has consistently urged its own government to respect the Charter of the UN, has buttressed its case by pointing to the example of one great power which was not only unaligned in the Cold War, but which seemed prepared to put international morality before short term national interest. This week the buttress seems to have crumbled and it is the causes which Mr Nehru has most closely at heart which may in the long run suffer the most. Already, another power, Indonesia, seems anxious to follow his example – and in a far less reputable cause.

Delhi

National Interest

Our Correspondent in India writes: The Indian government is riding on the crest of a unique upsurge of enthusiastic public support. Not a single critical voice has been heard here. The opposition parties have generally acclaimed the 'liberation' of Goa – which, even on the second day of the military operation, seemed to be certain. 'India once again leads the forces of freedom', said Mr Asoka Mehta, the chairman of the Praja Socialist Party, who is one of the most sober and best informed critics of the Nehru government, and the members of the All-India Congress Executive, which is in session here


'...ALL MEMBERS SHALL SETTLE THEIR INTERNATIONAL DISPUTES BY PEACEFUL MEANS...'
-UN CHARTER
THE COLONIAL ANOMALY OF GOA
VICKY

at the moment, are quietly jubilant. The only note of regret comes from Mr Nehru himself, who said 'it was no pleasure to us to take this action,' and added 'we don't wish to nourish any ill-will against the Portuguese.' The Calcutta *Statesman,* which is usually considered to represent British opinion in India, said that Portugal had been living in a fool's paradise; she now finds herself as devoid of popular sympathy as she is of physical resources.

It is remarkable that nothing more has been heard of a suggestion, recently made by some sections of the opposition, that the approach of a general election determined the timing of the movement into Goa. New Delhi has noted that Afro-Asian opinion supports the Indian action as unreservedly as domestic opinion. China is an exception, but that has caused no surprise.

Nehru, it is said here, had to choose between angering critics in the West and permanently alienating Afro-Asian opinion. Popular leaders in Asia and Africa had made it clear that they expected India to assume effective leadership in the struggle against the 'remnants of colonialism' on Asian and African soil. They were convinced that by liberating Goa the Indians could give a new impetus to the liberation movements. To delay action in Goa, it was urged, would be to betray the Africans in Angola and Mozambique. Some African and Asian leaders have latterly voiced doubts about the fervour of Nehru's anti-colonialism, and these were increased when at the Belgrade conference he put more emphasis on world peace than on the elimination of colonialism. The Goa action has thus rehabilitated him in Afro-Asian eyes.

Editorial comment suggests that some critical expressions of western opinion may be dismissed as prejudiced or ignorant. But there is a not insignificant section of Indian opinion which seems to be genuinely shocked by western reactions. One New Delhi commentator declared that the Indian government is responsible for this misunderstanding because it has created a false 'self-image' and given a misleading idea of what 'non-alignment' actually means because of its past emphasis on peaceful methods.

Katanga

After the Bullets

The British government's theatrical request for a UN cease-fire in the Congo – put forward, as the whole world was aware, merely as a panic measure to silence back-bench criticism – served solely to demonstrate Britain's inability to influence events. It was promptly turned down by U Thant, and his action was unanimously endorsed by the Congo Advisory Committee. The whole purpose of the UN operation in Katanga was to produce a situation in which a cease-fire would be valid and the subsequent negotiations meaningful. The experience of the last few months had proved conclusively that so long as Tshombe's mercenaries held Elisabethville, they would make a cease-fire unworkable and prevent the UN from holding Tshombe to his promises. The primary object of the offensive, therefore, was to break the power of the Katangese gendarmerie; to impose a cease-fire before this was accomplished would have been certain to postpone a permanent settlement.

Fortunately, the UN, strongly sustained by Mr Kennedy, stuck, literally, to its guns. As a result, the gendarmerie's grip on Elisabethville has been loosened and Tshombe is no longer able to dictate conditions from a position of strength. At the earliest practicable moment, the UN agreed to a cease-fire, and talks between the central government and Tshombe have at last begun on a realistic basis. Their object – as this journal has urged throughout – should be to recreate the framework of a viable Congolese state. This does not mean that the will of the politicians in Leopoldville should be imposed throughout the territory, regardless of regional or tribal feelings. On the contrary, local self-government should clearly play a major part in any constitutional settlement (the constitution of India, a country roughly the same area as the Congo, might well provide an apt model). At the same time, two unitary factors are vital. First, the various provinces should contribute to the central revenue in proportion to their resources: for unless the wealth of Katanga is available for running the social services and for financing economic development, the northern and western Congo will degenerate into a rural slum. Secondly, no province should possess the power to negotiate separate political or economic agreements with outside powers. This provision is essential if the Cold War is to be kept out.

Australia

Photo Finish

Mr Menzies has finally scraped home by 110 votes in one Queensland seat, which will leave him a majority of one in the House of Representatives after the election of the Speaker. This unexpected and unprecedented result is in fact a resounding defeat for Mr Menzies. In terms of the popular vote, the Labour Party was well ahead. But for the fact that the second preference votes of the breakaway Democratic Labour Party put in 15 government candidates, there would have been a Labour landslide. In any case a new election is inevitable within a few months.

Several factors seem to have contributed to Labour's moral victory. Most important was clearly the impact of the government's deflationary policy; Mr Menzies was the author of a severe recession, and lost most ground where unemployment was worst. In the 'old faithful' state of Queensland, where Mr Menzies could count on 15 of the 18 seats for the last 12 years, years of poor employment and broken promises cost him nine seats.

The recession was one reason why the ALP managed to get a much larger share of the second preferences of the Democratic Labour Party vote, and actually to win some first preferences back from it. This success, however, must also be attributed in part to the failure of the anti-Communist campaign against the ALP.

The vital question is whether, having made a protest against Mr Menzies, the electorate will now consciously choose to put him out. A good many votes may have gone to Mr Calwell in the belief that the ALP would not actually win, and some of these could well switch back, especially if the government has the time to make some hasty efforts to deal with the economic situation. An electioneering Budget now seems likely. But whoever finally wins, Australia is likely to take a tougher line about the Common Market. The anxiety of the primary producers was as evident at this election as the resentment of the industrial unemployed.

Fleet Street

Bonus-day for the Express

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: Although India's attack on Goa did not begin until the early hours of Monday morning, all the national dailies had leading articles on it in their Monday morning editions carrying the first news – except the *Guardian*, the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Mirror*. The coincidence strikes me as unfortunate. Surely on such issues the Left should be able to think as quickly as the Right. No doubt there was not much time for considered judgment – although the possibility of such an attack had been a matter of public international concern sufficiently long for the fact itself not to catch editors entirely by surprise. However the *Observer,* which has never spared its criticisms of Portuguese colonialism, found it possible to make its comment on the Sunday before. Commenting then – 24 hours before the attack – that, although it looked as if India might prefer to wait, the fact that Goa was surrounded by troops could breed incitements to enable the Indian army to intervene, it added: 'Yet everyone would see that India had provoked the incidents; the excuse would be flimsy. And if India thus take the law into her own hands, she will by so much weaken the forces which work for the international rule of law.'

The *Guardian*, the *Herald* and the *Mirror* may have needed time to make up their minds – *The Times, Telegraph* and the *Mail* (glad possibly of an opportunity to show that their hearts are with the UN and international order when Sir Roy Welensky and the Tory right-wing lobby do not mind) did not. Nor of course did the *Express.* Mr Nehru may not mind what it has to say, but he can hardly find *The Times* other than sombre reading. It agreed that 'the Portuguese enclaves have been an anomaly' and it accepted the fact that there were other factors, like the Chinese threat in the far north and internal political problems, that might be pleaded as an excuse by 'a lesser man' But not for Mr Nehru. 'Now he shows himself as ready to use force to gain his ends and with much less justification than some of those he has censured . . . The damage is done.'

The *Telegraph* saw it as 'Mr Menon's War'. 'India's invasion of Goa is no less grave and deplorable', it said, 'because it has been daily expected . . Only a few weeks ago, in referring to China's violations of India's frontier, Mr Nehru said that the training of a long life had led his whole soul to react against the thought of war. How has it come about that he has rejected the final appeals from the United Nations and from the western leaders and resorted to force?' The *Mail*, like *The Times*, accepted the fact that the Portuguese enclaves have been a constant and understandable irritation to India. 'Goa', it said, 'is an affront to India and that she should want the "pimple" removed is understandable' But like *The Times* and the *Telegraph*, it found it hard to accept that Mr Nehru of all men should have decided on force. 'The sudden, brutal invasion of Goa by Indian forces, though not quite unexpected, is none the less a shock to a world already reeling from others', it declared solemnly.

To the *Express*, of course, the attack was a wonderful confirmation of all they have ever said in their long bitter attacks on Mr Nehru on all those occasions when he has been right. 'Exposed: A Traitor To Peace', it headed its leader. 'At seven o'clock last night Prime Minister Nehru of India, the self-appointed conscience of the world, stood revealed to everyone as a blatant and shameless aggressor.' And it closed its triumphant tirade with the words: 'How can anyone ever again listen to pious pleas for international understanding and goodwill from a man who is both a tyrant and a hypocrite?' The *Express* of course has never been particular about what ammunition it used against Mr Nehru. But none but Lord Beaverbrook's echoes can be expected to rejoice when he hands them so much himself.

By Tuesday the *Guardian* and the *Mirror* had also taken their stand. Their view was substantially the same as the rest of the press. Mr Nehru has heartened his enemies in Fleet Street, as elsewhere, but dismayed all his friends.

The Lesson of Eichmann

R. H. S. CROSSMAN MP

Last week I watched Eichmann making his final statement. From where I was sitting in the public gallery, the wooden pillar of his bullet-proof glass shelter obscured the back of his head and body. But, seeing him silhouetted against this rigid framework, I could appreciate all the better his terrifying immobility. For 20 minutes on end he literally did not move a muscle, and my eyes strayed to the three judges in the centre. When I looked back, one hand lay in a slightly different position. But throughout the Attorney General's unbearably lengthy plea for the death penalty, I never caught Eichmann moving.

The great demonstration of his crimes had concluded months previously; and, now that the court had reassembled only to hear the judgment and consider the verdict, everyone else – particularly his ponderous defence counsel, Dr Servatius – seemed disturbed and restless. Only Eichmann was complete master of himself, and when he rose to read his terse set piece, he was master of the court as well. In clipped officialese – set off by his toneless Austrian accent – he insisted that in war time there is no alternative to carrying out orders, that he himself was responsible for the transport and not for the actual killings and that, if he died, he would be carrying the burden of many, many Germans who knew as much and were just as responsible as he was.

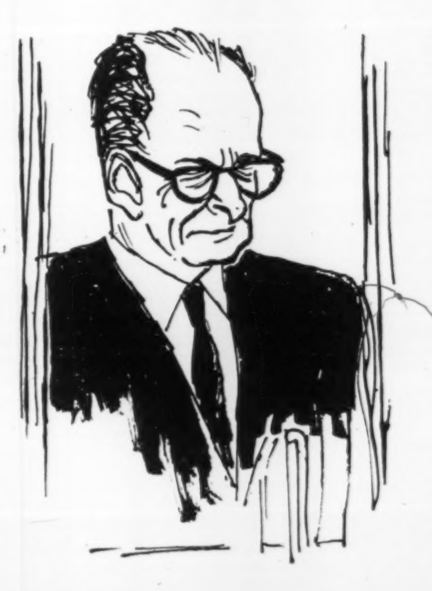
As soon as he sat down and the court adjourned, we were released from silence. I found that Ritchie Calder, who had been sitting on my right, echoed my thoughts by saying there was no doubt who had got the best of that. But our young Israeli host was not impressed. 'That kind of excuse cuts no ice here,' he said. 'Why couldn't he show some genuine feeling, either genuine contrition or genuine hatred?'

The question reveals one reason for the malaise that has replaced the atmosphere of proud awe in which I am told the trial itself took place. Though it lasted too long and ranged too wide, it had been a magnificent reminder that, as the result of a generation of Mandatory administration, Israeli justice remains British justice at its best. During those long summer weeks the defendant's guilt had been proved all the more effectively because every kind of allowance was made to him and his counsel. Yet there was one disappointment. The Attorney General had failed either to break Eichmann down and make him call for mercy or to expose him as an arch-criminal, capable of initiating genocide. There before us stood not the raving anti-semite who sent millions to the gas chamber because he was convinced that the *Herrenvolk* was being poisoned with Jewish blood, but a creature of the Nazi machine, an *Unterthan*, with all the vices of the underling, a bureaucrat who made his career in the SS hierarchy by obeying any directive, however inhuman, yet always cunningly careful to cover his tracks by lies and, where possible, by anonymity.

The horror of Eichmann is not the full-blooded brutality of a Goering or the diabolism of a Goebbels but a mean little will to power, so desiccated that he seemed a spidery ghost even when he was sitting alive before us in his glass cage. Everyone in court knew that he was speaking the truth when he claimed that there were plenty of men as guilty as he in the Ministry of the Interior. In condemning Eichmann, the Israeli judges condemned by clear implication a generation of German *Beamtentum*. It is luck, not any special viciousness of his, that has brought Eichmann to trial, while permitting these others to continue their careers or to draw their pensions.

Three days later the District Court of Jerusalem reassembled to hear the verdict. As usual, all the proceedings were broadcast and, though Mr Justice Landau was speaking in Hebrew, I could hear the halting distaste with which, in a country which has abolished capital punishment for murder, he pronounced the first death sentence heard in Jewish Jerusalem since the British Mandate ended. Unless – which is almost inconceivable – the Supreme Court changes the sentence on a point of law or the President (which is only slightly less unlikely) concedes a reprieve, Eichmann will die according to the procedures under which Jewish terrorists and Arab criminals were hanged under the Mandate. Already he has been put in a death cell, dressed in the red clothes required by Mandatory law. And, since Mandatory law also prescribed that the body of the criminal must be handed to the relatives for burial, his wife will be entitled to carry out his wishes and have the body taken to Linz.

This has caused a surprising amount of perturbation among thoughtful people. For most of one evening I listened to a room full of Israelis discussing the possibility of reprieve, hankering for our practice of destroying the body in quicklime and expressing the fear that Linz could well become a place of pilgrimage. 'This could be the beginning and not the end for which we all hoped,' one of them said. This hope that the Eichmann verdict would close an epoch was indeed the reason why many Israeli who disliked the kidnapping suppressed their doubts and welcomed the actual trial. It was not only that the young sabras needed education in what for them was ancient history. Even more important, the 50,000 Israeli citizens who were actually inmates of concentration camps and the hundreds of thousands who lost relatives in the camps all shared Ben Gurion's feeling that, if the past was to be put behind them, Israel must close the epoch by one act of judicial expiation. 'If we catch any more of them,' I was told more than once, 'they will be disposed of quickly and there will be no repetition of these proceedings. What we want is an end which is also a warning.'



And there's the rub. For now that the process of law has been completed, there remains the problem of how to dispose of Eichmann so that he does not rise again. And I am not surprised that those who saw him day by day in the courtroom feel that he may be an even more potent source of evil dead than alive. Nevertheless, I have little doubt what the final decision will be. Although the intelligentsia have doubts, the vast mass of ordinary people, particularly young people, in Israel show no compunction or uncertainty. A presidential reprieve would first bewilder and then appal them; and, since Mr Ben Zvi would scarcely act without a Cabinet decision, it is certain that the strength of popular feeling will be fully taken into account.

There was a very strong case – and I argued it in this journal before the proceedings began – against kidnapping Eichmann and bringing him to trial. But, once the legal process had been set in motion, it must surely go on to its appointed end. How, indeed, can it be suggested that Israel should not execute her convicted war criminal as all the other victor nations executed theirs, without emphasising the very peculiarity of the Jewish people – which is the chief cause of anti-semitism and which Israel was founded in order to remove?

And there is one other thought I bring with me on my return from Jerusalem. Before I saw the defendant and studied the judgment delivered by the three judges, I had thought of Eichmann chiefly as a German and regarded the trial as an idictment of that servility which Hilter exploited in order to build the Third Reich. But, in the nuclear age, his obedience to orders assumes a universal significance. Listening to Eichman odiously arguing that he should not hang because he organised only the transports, not the gas chambers, I asked myself precisely how much separates the Nazi hierarchy, who obeyed orders and connived at genocide, from the democratic administrators now busily planning nuclear annihilation.

Of course, our civil servants and army officers are only serving a Great Deterrent. But can we be so sure that, if war came, they would show themselves superior to Eichmann by refusing to obey orders and commit a crime against humanity? If we now ask ourselves such questions with more acute discomfort than before, then the trial and death of Eichmann will have been well worth while.

Common Market Immigrants

BARBARA CASTLE MP

If Britain goes into the Common Market, will she have to adopt an open door policy for European labour? Supporters of the Common Market, uneasily aware that we are in process of abandoning our traditional open door for the Commonwealth, try to wave the question aside. Free movement of labour, visualised in the Treaty of Rome, will not, they assure us, come into force for a very long time – if ever. The first step in this direction, taken by the Six last summer, gives us nothing to worry about. The interim regulation and directives, which came into force on 1 September, still firmly enshrine the principle of control over the movement of workers within the European Economic Community. So there can be no question, we are told, of European workers coming freely into this country while Commonwealth citizens are kept out.

The government has been encouraging this deception. In the Common Market debate last August the Prime Minister skilfully implied to the Commons that the principle of free movement was negotiable and that, as we were going into the talks at a 'formative stage', we should be able to influence future policy. On the Immigration Bill, Mr Butler outdid him in guile. 'If one reads Article 48 and 49 of the Treaty of Rome,' he told the House of Commons, 'it would appear that control is possible.'

These astonishing statements have gone largely unchallenged. One of the reasons for this is that the real meat of the Treaty is to be found in the regulations and directives that are drawn up under it. These are published only in the official languages of the Community – French, Italian, German and Dutch. No English translation of the full texts, for instance, is available in the House of Commons library. As far as I can ascertain, no official translation into English is available anywhere. Even the Community's office in London is hazy on a number of points. In such a situation any misleading statement goes.

Unfortunately for the government, there are enough official statements in English, such as the reports of the Commission of EEC, to make the position clear. In its very first report, published in 1958, the Commission announced that its duty was to draw up proposals for 'the progressive abolition of any discrimination against foreign workers' among member states. Time and again spokesmen of the Six have stressed that freedom of movement of labour is as basic to the concepts of the European Community as the free movement of goods, services and capital. As M. Sandri, a member of the Commission, put it in the EEC's bulletin last June, the intention is that 'full and absolute equality of treatment will lead to the rapid replacement of the notion of the "emigrant" by that of the "European worker".' Since Mr Heath, in his famous speech last October, assured the Six that we in Britain desired to be 'full, wholehearted and active members of the European Community in its widest sense', it is disingenuous, to say the least, for the Prime Minister to pretend that Britain could, or would, try to modify this long-term aim.

But how long-term is it? Here again Britain is nursing some dangerous illusions. Careful examination of the full text of the interim proposals simply does not support the view that the position is still fluid and that Britain can influence it. Nor is there any hope that the European politicians can be manipulated by Britain against the machinations of the bureaucrats. In fact the tendency is all the other way. Because any proposals affecting workers' jobs are politically inflammable, the Council of the EEC decided in this case to refer the Commission's draft to the EEC Assembly. In its turn the Assembly asked its Committee for Social Affairs to report on it.

The report dispels any hope we may have been nursing that we have a long, comfortable transitional period ahead of us. Instead, the Committee upbraided the bureaucrats for being dilatory. It wanted more and speedier liberalisation, not less. The principle of the free movement of labour, it declared, was henceforth paramount. Any short-term concessions it might be prepared to make to the indigenous worker, giving him a temporary priority in the domestic labour market, must be recognised as embodying an expedient, not a principle. And the Committee successfully pressed a number of amendments to this end.

As a result, strict limits have been set to national rights. The period during which a worker can enjoy priority in the domestic market is limited to three weeks. If, at the end of this, no local worker has come forward to claim the job, it must be offered to other workers within the Community and a labour permit must be given to the one who successfully applies for it. But there are also a number of cases in which this delay does not operate. Labour permits must be given 'automatically', for instance, to any worker from within the Six to whom an employer has offered a job by name, provided the nomination is based on personal relations or the special needs of the enterprise. More 'liberal' still is the provision that member states must furnish the Commission with quarterly reports on the areas or occupations in their territory which are suffering from labour shortages. Labour permits must then be given 'automatically' to meet these shortages.

Outside these provisions no other form of discrimination is permissible. The regulation specifically abolishes restrictive quotas for foreign workers, whether operated by an enterprise, a sector of industry, a region or nationally. It prohibits the application to immigrants of any medical or occupational tests which do not apply to a country's nationals – another marked contrast with the Immigration Bill.

Indeed, if one reads the full text of the proposals, as I have done, one is struck by their positive approach. Artificial barriers to the movement of workers are to be torn down as quickly as possible by Europeanising the employment agencies on the one hand and by stimulating the training of migrants on the other, so as to enable them to take advantage of gaps in the labour force of another member state. A whole nexus of new agencies is to be created to this end. The Commission itself is told to take the initiative through a European Bureau of Co-ordination designed to act as a clearing house for jobs. Member governments are to help by setting up special agencies to collect and disseminate information about vacancies. These central services are to be supplemented by regional ones which are to be encouraged to get into direct contact with each other in order to promote mobility. And where the migrants lack the necessary skills, they are to be given access to concentrated courses of technical training whose provision the Bureau is to stimulate. It is to be assisted in all these tasks by two new bodies: a Consultative Committee on which trade unions and employers will be represented and a Technical Committee of government experts.

Even in the interim period, therefore, the rights given to the European worker are formidable. Once an immigrant has obtained a job in another member state, his chances of settling down there permanently are good. After one year's regular employment he has the right to have his labour permit renewed for the same occupation; after three years, he may take any other paid job for which he is qualified; after four years he may engage in any paid work in the country on the same conditions as its nationals. Once he has a regular job he can bring his wife and any children under 21 years of age to live with him and they, too, will then be entitled to take a job.

Nor is lack of housing to be a bar. Indeed the references to housing in the regulation read oddly at a time when we are busy keeping Commonwealth citizens out of Britain on the grounds that we cannot even house our own citizens. In order that an immigrant may house his family properly, says the regulation, he must enjoy – and does enjoy – 'the same rights and the same possible advantages in all matters concerned with obtaining such accommodation' as the nationals of the country.

Despite the fact that some members of the Six – notably France and Germany – are building working-class houses at a much faster rate than Britain, they still suffer from a *crise du logement* as we do. But they do not call for a restriction of immigration on that account. On the contrary the Social Affairs Committee suggested that the way to deal with the housing problem was for the Commission to urge member states to build houses specially for immigrants. The regulation instructs the Consultative Committee to examine the problem and try to work out a common housing policy for the Community.

If Britain joined the Common Market, therefore, her immigration policy would be profoundly affected, even in the short-run. She would have to admit any European worker accepted for a job which had been on offer for three weeks. She would have to make quarterly reports to the Commission on the areas and occupations in which there was a labour shortage and grant labour permits unconditionally to European workers to meet those shortages. She would have to join a network of European employment agencies designed to alert unemployed Italians, for example, to the existence of vacancies in British Transport or the National Health Service and help to train them to become bus drivers or nursing orderlies. She would not be entitled to give preference for these jobs to Commonwealth citizens; on the contrary, under the principle of priority for the Common Market embodied in the regulation, she would have to give a European worker 15 days' start over any 'outside' worker in filling a vacancy for any job in Britain.

For the purposes of this regulation, Commonwealth citizens would rank as outsiders, even if their country became associated with the Community, since no steps have yet been taken to extend the provisions of the regulation to associated territories. Not least, Britain would have to give European workers the right of access to housing on equal terms with her own nationals – and probably have to start building houses specially earmarked for Common Market immigrants.

But this phase would last only for a short time. Some people have asserted that the transitional period visualised in the Treaty will last till 1972, but there is nothing in the Treaty to support this view. It lays down no timetable for Operation Open Door. But the European politicians are impatient. Originally the Commission proposed that the interim regulation should be valid for 'at least' two years; the politicians succeeded in making two years the maximum. They succeeded, too, in ensuring that the Commission must submit its proposals for the next stage by September 1962 instead of December 1962 as the Commission suggested. It is even possible that the next stage could be the final one. That is certainly what the Assembly's own experts want.

It could well happen, therefore, that before Britain has decided to take the plunge into Europe, and before the Commonwealth Immigration proposals come up for their first review in 1963, Europe will have taken another decisive step towards the creation of an integrated labour force. In those circumstances Britain would be going into an association whose unity would be paramount and in which our Commonwealth citizens would have to take second place.

London Diary

CHARON

A Monday seems to be the very worst day for the annual Festival of St Sales Manager. Three Sunday equivalents one after the other, with shops shut. On second thoughts I'm not sure there isn't something to be said for it. It may have had the effect of cutting the preliminary celebration period which had been getting longer every year. Strange how the seasonal euphoria seems to be organised along the lines of a manic phase. One of the first symptoms of an attack of mania is a phenomenon called photism – a kind of Regent Street of the soul. John Custance, that eloquent and insightful manic depressive, puts it like this: 'I can only describe it by saying that "the lights go up", as if a kind of switch were turned on in my psycho-physical system .... Bitter experience has taught me that as soon as it occurs I should take immediate steps to go to hospital, since within a few days I shall be out of control.' Marx was on to a sort of political photism with those bourgeois revolutions when 'men and things seem set in sparkling brilliants; ecstasy is the everyday mood'. The pristine euphoria of the first remembered childhood Christmases, when oranges glowed like lamps, is very like this. No accident that Dickens, conspicuously hypomanic for much of his life, was the great Christmas interpreter. The trouble with St Sales Manager's photism and the Regent Street of reality is that they aren't properly infectious. You sense the strain that goes with pressure activity.

★ ★ ★

Meanwhile, for anyone who wants a milder, more soothing form of photism I recommend a visit to the Aquarium at the Zoo. (Not open, though, on 25 December.) Living jewels like the Harlequin Fish, the Chinese Mountain Minnows, the little Glowlight fish—from

NEW STATESMAN
NEW STATESMAN

THERE'S still time to give your friends the NEW STATESMAN for Christmas. It's an inexpensive present and simple to give, but one which will be appreciated long after Christmas is over. Under our Gift Subscription scheme we will send the NEW STATESMAN to *new readers* for little more than HALF the usual price: Gift Subscriptions cost only £1 for 40 weeks or 10s. for 20 weeks, and these rates apply to any address in the world.

Recipients of these Gift Subscriptions (*who should not already be buying the paper*) will be notified by us and informed of the name of the donor on a special gift card. They are under no obligation to renew the subscription after the gift period expires.

All you have to do is to fill up the form below – as many names as you like – and send it to us with a remittance. Please let us have your list *now*.

Readers in North America who prefer to remit in dollars may do so direct to our London address below at the following rates: $3 for a 40-week Gift Subscription and $1.50 for a 20-week Gift Subscription. These copies go by surface mail. The airmail rate is $9.50 for 6 months.

To the Publisher, NEW STATESMAN, Great Turnstile, London, WC1

I agree to the terms of your Christmas Offer and enclose £........................s.

for........ 40-week (at £1 each)/........ 20-week (at 10s. each) Gift Subscriptions.

DONOR'S NAME AND ADDRESS (*Please use* BLOCK *letters*)

....

....

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO (*Please use* BLOCK *letters*):

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....
6. ....

If you do not wish to cut your paper, please send your list with a note stating that you agree to the conditions of this offer.

Sumatra, these, with the delicate indigo Molly for contrast, give an effect of sparkling brilliants brighter than the pictures you used to be able to induce by pressing your eyeballs. For the crapulous on Boxing Day I would prescibe a meditation on the Giant Moray Eel from the West Indies, with its faintly cloudy periwinkle blue eyes and its jaw perpetually open. You never saw such a savage-looking brute; not surprising it has the reputation of being the most voracious fish in the world. Its tank has been ornamented with a vista of penetrated columns, like modern sculpture, through which it very occasionally deigns to writhe.

★ ★ ★

I'm sorry Dr Owen Sheehy Skeffington has lost his seat in the Irish Senate. He has always been a pillar of progress – a pillar of fire some would say – and a thorn in the hide of the Irish establishment. Causes which he has championed include the plight of the tenant, the status of married women, and, above all, the abolition of corporal punishment in Irish schools. His pamphlet on this, studded with instances, is written with Swiftian indignation. You've only to talk to someone who has had an Irish working-class upbringing to find it's not a whit exaggerated. You can get an idea of his attention to detail in Irish domestic politics from some of the matters he has raised on adjournment: the Fethard-on-Sea anti-Protestant boycott; the district justice's handling of the case of the beating up of Jehovah's Witness preachers at Killaloe; the shameful trade in live horses; and the oddly secretive departmental inquiry arising from the happenings at Raharoon National School, County Cork. Dr Skeffington describes himself as a liberal Socialist and takes after his father, Francis Sheehy Skeffington, who was killed in the Easter rising in 1916. His was one of the (Trinity) University constituency seats. The election is conducted by a postal ballot under PR among all Irish graduates no matter where they are living. Perhaps if this catches the eye of any of his supporters who forgot, they may remember to vote for him next time. He lost by only 25 votes.

★ ★ ★

By the same courier from Ireland I hear some more details of the Irish Tourist Board's plan to celebrate next 16 June, which they claim will then be the 50th anniversary of Bloomsday, the day on which the action of Joyce's *Ulysses* took place. The possibilities here are richly fantastic. You can picture the guide – it should be Anthony Carson – conducting a coachload of note-taking scholars, microphone in hand, through the Maternity Wards of the Rotunda and losing them at the Mabbott Street entrance to Night-town. Unfortunately – or if you prefer it fortunately, as the ITB points out – much of James Joyce's Dublin has vanished. (The red-light quarter on the north side of the river was cleaned up soon after the civil war.) Bloomsday celebrations will be limited to a visit – in period horse-drawn cabs – to the Martello tower at Sandymount which Joyce shared with 'stately plump Buck Mulligan' (the late Senator Gogarty) where the book begins. The tower is being turned into a Joycean museum, library and study centre for post-graduates. Seismographs at various graves of distinguished Irish literary figures should have interesting turning movements to record on the inaugural day.

★ ★ ★

To become a Sunday painter in advanced old age and then, in your nineties, to find yourself a commercial success – could anything be more encouraging or less probable than the latter career of Grandma Moses, who died the other day at 101? You may say her secret was simply preternatural vitality, but you can be sure her discovery of painting prolonged her life. The bright, flat, decorative quality of her work, which was pleasing though not very seriously considerable, suggested the innocent eye of childhood. Perhaps there was some kind of completion of an inner cycle. Can it be that as the minds of old people become simpler, so they develop a kind of neo-primitive, pre-senile talent for painting, like that which young children display and very often lose as they grow older. If so, geriatrists, who are going to be increasingly occupied with the problem of staving off senility if we all live longer and longer, ought to do something about it. Personally I rather incline to the hyper-optimistic theory that there is always a peak period – however late – for some activity. Sprint swimmers are through at 20; long distance runners don't mature until after 30; mountaineers develop still later. If you can survive until 95, you may yet find yourself as a mud sculptor.

★ ★ ★

I've not lost much sleep over the de-Molotovisation of Molotov. I never found his persona attractive. And, in retrospect, the way he seems to have lent a cover of pince-nez'd, governessy asepticism to the excesses of Stalinism was singularly unpleasing. But I feel impelled to pipe up for him now that he's down and *Pravda* is kicking him again. They are at him for 'lack of faith in the ability of the Socialist camp effectively to influence by its successes the development of the international movement', and for generally believing that Communism could spread only through war and not during a period of peaceful coexistence. Yet it was the same Molotov who, in a speech to the Supreme Soviet just after the war, declared with sweeping optimism: 'To-day all roads lead to Communism.' I remember wondering at the time, in my opportunist way, if this was tactful.

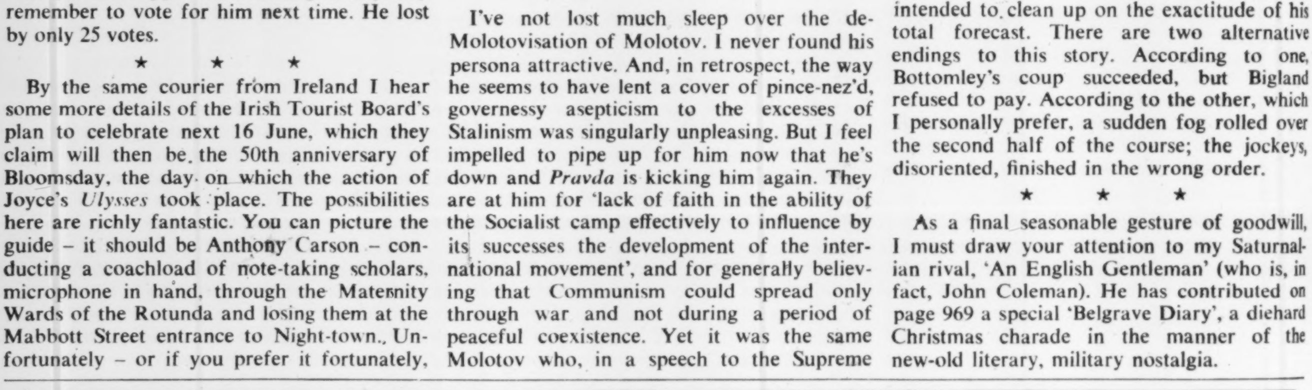
★ ★ ★

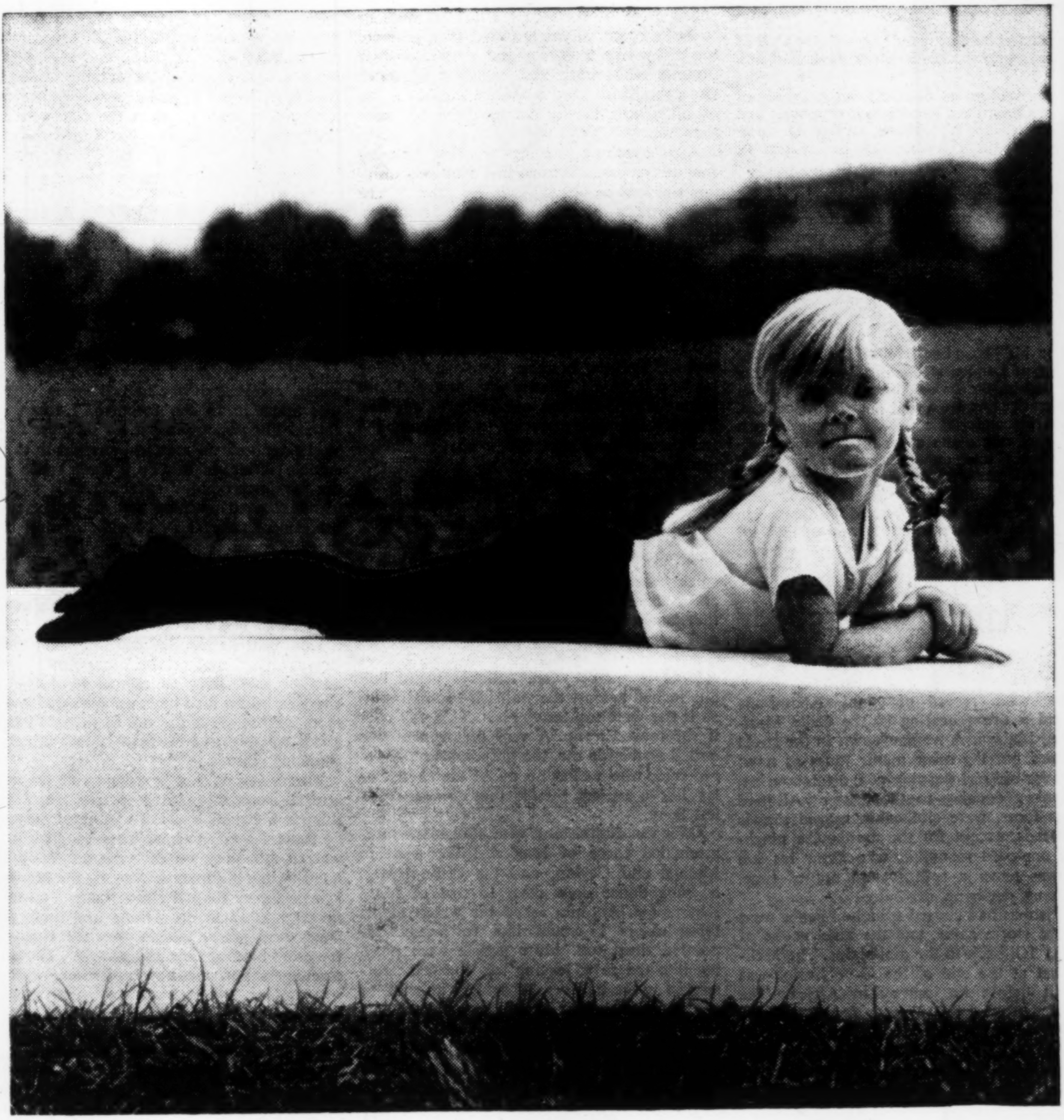
Racing men seem to be divided into two schools on the doping problem. Some say it's exaggerated hysteria. Others wag their heads sagely and tell you how they prophesied years ago that, what with the prohibitive cost of training and more and more bookmakers' nominees owning horses, there was bound to be an increase in 'cooking' races. Certainly the Jockey Club seems to be taking it fairly seriously. Such doping as there is mainly takes the form of nobbling or administering tranquillisers. Equine stimulants are not thought to be sure enough. From Australia I hear of another form of horse therapy. A jockey has just been disqualified for life by the Newcastle (NSW) Jockey Club for having an electric battery in his whip. The starter ordered him to dismount just before the off. With another jockey up the horse won naturally by three lengths. The most elaborate form of racing trick, ringing, entering a disguised horse under another name, has almost died out in this country. There was a big ringing case a few years back, and the gallant ringer was vilely shot and skinned in a motor horse-box on the way to London. Stories still filter through from continental tracks of horses changing colour in rainstorms as they pass the post. No doubt it all adds to the glorious uncertainty of the turf.

The most eccentric racing coup I ever heard of is attributed to Bottomley. He was said to have planned it to spite his deadly enemy, Telephone Jack – the Birmingham bookmaker, Reuben Bigland. For his coup (so the tale runs) Bottomley chose a race with five runners in an obscure Belgian race meeting. He sent his nominees on ahead to buy all five horses. The day before the race the five jockeys filed into Bottomley's suite in the Hotel Majestic in Brussels to receive their riding orders. Individual odds were short but Bottomley intended to clean up on the exactitude of his total forecast. There are two alternative endings to this story. According to one, Bottomley's coup succeeded, but Bigland refused to pay. According to the other, which I personally prefer, a sudden fog rolled over the second half of the course; the jockeys, disoriented, finished in the wrong order.

★ ★ ★

As a final seasonable gesture of goodwill, I must draw your attention to my Saturnalian rival, 'An English Gentleman' (who is, in fact, John Coleman). He has contributed on page 969 a special 'Belgrave Diary', a diehard Christmas charade in the manner of the new-old literary, military nostalgia.





Superb cushioning

Cushioning is something we all need for our daily comfort—to lie on, sit on, rest our weary heads (and jump on if we feel like it). Today, the blows of life are increasingly softened by polyurethane foam, the newest material to inspire the industrial designer with its lightness, flexibility and versatility. Polyurethanes are made from polyether polyols, on which Shell have done a great deal of successful research and gained a mass of practical knowledge. This information—with a range of polyether polyols of the highest consistency—is now at the service of all foam manufacturers. To carry this a stage further—write to the Information Officer, Industrial Chemicals Division, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 170 Piccadilly, London W.1

Shell Chemicals SHELL

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Eltham traders are definitely not in favour of the 'put Christ back into Christmas' scheme and have written to Woolwich Chamber of Commerce saying they consider it 'against the interests of the small trader.'

Mr Charlie Miles, last year's president of Eltham Chamber of Commerce, told the Mercury this week: 'We are not so concerned with the financial aspect – it is the principle involved.' – *Kentish Mercury*. (P. Brady.)

Children are always in mind at this time of year, especially now with the birth of the first Viscount Linley. – *Vogue*. (X, Wakefield.)

When Mr Macmillan received the Freedom of the City of London at Guildhall today, the City Chamberlain, Sir Irving Gane, said: 'When on rare occasions we see a picture of Mr Macmillan, dressed in comfortable tweeds, tramping across the moors with a gun under his arm, there perhaps comes into our subconscious mind the image of Drake projected from the first to the second Queen Elizabeth's reign and tinged with just a trace of the atmosphere of the Edwardian era. These glimpses steady our nerves.' – *Evening News*. (P. J. Sullivan.)

Ximbombas

ALAN SILLITOE

An Indian record of Manj Khammaja recalled a drum beating in the Calle Mariblanca, Malaga. A woman down in the street thumped out the same manic tones as now; a 12-year-old girl weaving with a tambourine; a monkey dancing to the drum. All had brown faces, were clothed in ragged shawls and beads, except for the monkey, a pinch-sized one-eyed mannikin who knew his job and was never a split second out of time. Der-bang, der-bang, der-bang . . .

Christmas had started spinning. Peace went and the storm came, and the blue smoke of the sky fell back to the mountains. The Melilla boat at the end of the Calle Larios was floodlit before its journey to Africa. The agonised wail of *cante hondo* from beer-and-prawn cafés was slowly rolled away by ximbombas – those primitive noise-makers, shaped like a plant-pot with pigskin tightened over it and a hollow cane coming out of the end. Water-moistened palms rubbed the cane to a steady rhythm: the grunt of a pig, a lion clearing its throat, or the shout of a Moorish warrior who at one time had given the Castillians more than a run for their money.

Suburbs burst into light and noise, as people and ximbombas took over their common property of the streets. Stalls sold fruit, cigarettes, pieces of bread. The blind staked each corner with outstretched hands, lottery tickets flapping from lapels or shirts at the rasp and cry of favourite numbers. A barrel-organ played a doleful tune above it all.

Three of us, each carrying a two-litre jug of *lagrimas del Cristo*, left houses and stumbled over holes and gullies to a dark plateau behind the city. Storm clouds made for the unfinished cathedral dominating the huge ink-stain of Malaga – as if to strangle it and throw it into the shining sea beyond reach of the harbour arms.

At the first escarpment I shouted for Antonio, and suddenly we were rustled towards a faint split of light into the cave. The numerous family sat or lay around, and Antonio rolled some of the sleepers out of the way to make room. A young thin gypsy, he wore his trilby like a crown and answered their protests with sharp and truculent opinions. On a sandstone shelf a wick floated in a pan of oil, giving hardly enough light to make shadows.

After overlong greetings the first wine-jug spat out its cork. Antonio had promised dancing, but first he wanted talk. He drew on the floor with a piece of charcoal: a map: 'Here's Spain,' he said, 'and here' – scratch, scratch – 'is Gibraltar. It's all one land. So why should the English have Gibraltar?' I suppose they have it because they're strong, I said, but as far as I'm concerned, if it belonged to me, I'd give it as a present to Antonio for *los Reyes*. It wouldn't be a very good present, though, because there's no grazing land on it. 'Ayii! That is what we need. But we are hounded from one place to another. First the Republic persecute us, then came the Italians and the Falange, who shot and killed many of us.'

The atmosphere was warm and stupifying, while the wine-spout and cigarettes went round. A girl rose from her shadow to dance, and Antonio questioned me about the fabulous prosperity of Mallorca where I had come from. Handclaps went with the dance, and a flamenco carol with words suggesting that Christ had been born in Triana instead of Bethlehem.

A hunchback girl of 13 with large breasts refused to dance when Antonio urged her. She leaned against the wall with folded arms as if she were top-heavy and would fall over if she moved away. A very old woman was curled up beside me, the grandmother, Antonio said, who would no doubt die soon. She lay like a useless bundle that someone had left there.

Over the diminishing wine their dark faces resembled those of Hindus I had seen in Malaya and Ceylon, and the drum-rhythm of each dance drew close to that of Manj Khammaja. Antonio asked me which of his three sisters I would like to marry. He pointed them out. More people were pushing into the cave, leaving less and less floor-space for the dancers. A donkey tethered to the wall further in the compartment protested at the noise and lack of air.

Antonio's mother danced. She was seven month's pregnant, a well built woman of 40 with a fine nose and long hair, who invited us to the baptism of her baby as she finally fell, exhausted and laughing, into the arms of her husband. She then began cursing him, and a quarrel broke out: he had sold a donkey a few days ago and had spent every *duro* on an endless round of bars and bodegas, standing drinks for everybody. 'But you were with me,' he protested. 'I didn't leave you behind.' I remembered him spending his money, and his wife *had* been there, a baby pressed against her shawl as she went through the crowd begging pesetas.

'And now look at you,' she cried. 'You have no trousers even.' She pulled at the patches until the sight of his bare legs forced her into laughter.

At midnight we left our gifts and went. Shining pools of water lay over the plateau, and from the city came the ximbombas like thousands of bull-frogs, a festive substitute for Malaga's revolutionary spirit, snatched away and lost among the desolate peaks of Colmenar.

We went down into the streets. Cabmen cracked their whips over bony horses, unable to get through the drunken and, for a moment, happy people who worked ximbombas with wine-soaked hands. At seven in the morning we sat over bacon and eggs, watching the tiger-eye of dawn coming above the rooftops. People in gangs passed below, and ximbombas from all over the city were still beating out in the blue sky of Christmas Day.

Merry Christmas

PHILIP CALLOW

I remember distinctly, after handing over my cards to the big policeman and following him into the shop, saying under my breath: 'I don't like this.' It was my first experience of a mass-production place. To make things worse, everything was in full swing when I was taken in to the foreman. I mean, the shriek. The policeman put his shoulder to the steel door and we marched straight in to this terrible shriek, in this huge clean space with the big green autos spaced well apart, all identical, each machine with its steel tray on the cement floor and its bundle of steel bars. In the distance was a haze of oily smoke.

But the high shrieking was like something solid you had to force through. Then we were in front of the foreman, a neat, white-coated figure, who had a rough desk propped against a side wall in the far corner. He shouted something at me, at the same time waving another man over to attend to me – the chargehand. So far I hadn't understood a word from anybody. For the rest of the day I stood about numbly and tried to follow things by watching actions.

Everything on that first day made the worst possible impression, it seems to me. Everything made signs – as if I was never meant to go there. I ought to have turned my back and walked out, gone on the dole, anything. I'm a fool when it comes to obeying my impulses. I'm no better than the next man. You make up your mind to do a thing and that's that, fixed. And you're caught, you can't get out. It's more binding than any contract. Those old scroungers you see now and then, with no will and no fixed abode, they aren't under contract like us.

After I had recovered from the first withering effects of that fiendish din, which seemed designed with a special frequency to pierce through to a man's spirit, I stood in a stupor, a sort of impotent rage, saying to myself: 'I'm not sticking this. They can stuff this bastard lot.' I stood meekly by the cockney setter who had to train me, with instructions to watch him. He had his own job to do, and for the first few hours he ignored me altogether. He was a young fellow, round-shouldered, his chest hollow under the khaki cow-gown, a bushy quiff nodding on his forehead. By the glances he flicked at me from time to time it was clear he was sick of novices. I didn't like the look of him either. He was yellow in the face, his mouth twisting sourly as soon as he ran into difficulties. He swore in the cold, machine-like way I had come across often enough in factories, that always chilled me to the bone. His name was Singleton.

He kept pushing his bare arms up to the elbow in the gush of brown oil which fell in a fat curtain over his cutting tools. The skin of his arms was smothered in sore red pimples – the oil rash I was to get myself before the week was out. He stopped and started each of his three autos in turn, pressing the green button and then standing motionless, wiping his arms dreamily and staring into the oil at the ends of the steel bars skinning themselves, being drilled and dropping off as shiny components in the trays underneath. Every so often he stooped down in slow motion and retrieved one of these bushes for checking. He let it fall out of his fingers when he was satisfied, like a lord of creation. I wondered at first if he was putting it on for my benefit, but he was never any different.

By the afternoon he was acknowledging my existence by snapping out a few simple orders, such as 'Pick that up,' 'Watch this,' 'Put the guard up'. Once I made the mistake of switching on before replacing the guard. The oil sprayed out over my hair and chest and even reached Singleton, who was hopping up and down, yelling 'Turn the bleedin' thing off,' with his face contorted Then he bawled into my ear in cold disgust: 'What didn't you do, eh? I told you, didn' I?'

When the power was cut at the end of the day, two minutes before the hooter blew, and the collective howl of those autos died, the silence was awesome, as full of mystery as a cathedral's. It was the only time when any human contact was possible. But the scramble for coats was on, and the stampede to the buses about to start.

Next morning I took up my post again. It was just before eight, men trailing in cheerlessly from various corners of the shop, the foreman over by the wall donning his spotless white coat, and all machinery static, waiting for the switch to be thrown. The quiet was changed from last night, gone rancid. In the atmosphere there was something that caught in the nerves: you knew things would explode any minute. The dawn twilight seeping in through the skylights among the steel roof-trusses was heart-breaking. I dreaded these moments of suspension, struggling against the morbid penitentiary feeling, standing on this floor stretching away, flanked by rigid walls, the electric light gleaming on metal casings, iron handles, spoked wheels and wire mesh, before the dynamo roared into every motor and engulfed us.

Not far from me was an ex-trainee, now a full-blown setter in his own right, tending three green monsters of his own, with a boy scurrying round to load up. He was a beefy, hot-faced Devonian, an ex-sailor, in shirt-sleeves and a blue bib-and-brace overall. I never had occasion to bawl anything in his ear. If I looked over in his direction, as a relief from Singleton's scowling mug, he was always occupied with something, either sharpening a drill or spinning his micrometer down on a check-piece or tinkering about with spanners. His black tool chest on the floor had his name on, W. Prout in white letters, followed by 'HM Dockyard'.

The week dragged to a finish. I was nearly out of the working part, about to escape into a weekend. It didn't seem to matter, except that I could lie in bed longer on Saturday and Sunday. I was in a bad way.

It wasn't until Friday and the hooter sang out loud and clear that I felt better. I walked out with the full pay packet in my trousers, anonymous in the swarm, I shoved and fought for the bus, clutching a stinking bundled-up overall under my arm as a present for my landlady; and the squealing harpies lighting up their fags, prodding and poking, digging in their claws, showing dirty teeth, flopping about in the ecstasy of release like mad puppies on their seats all round me, were part of the feast. For the old glint of triumph was back. I could feel it shooting out of my eyes in fine splinters, the triumph. I had survived that battering for a whole week, and it hadn't changed me – the worst daylight nightmare I had known. I was still alive, I could still feel glad. So nothing could change me now. And the old surge of hope was there in my veins, like a secret excitement.

Then the boredom began to settle, as I drove into my second week. Back in the factory, walking up and down in the peculiar numbed, deafened state I always sank into there, I went through the motions I'd been taught. I loathed Singleton now with every look and counted the days to the end of my training, when I should be fully-fledged and able to steer clear of him. It wasn't anything he said, it was the mere sight of him. He drove me nearer to despair than anything else in the place. After all, he was human, flesh and blood, and he'd given up the ghost. He belonged to the employers, body and soul. He was one of the assets. He was the kind of man you couldn't imagine with his clothes off, or his wife creeping into bed at his side. Unless she was a monster too, a kind of female Singleton. Anyway, he was what he was. The world's teeming with them. I just didn't want to be contaminated with him.

Then it was Christmas Eve. No different to any other day, except that it meant a few days' break. At four the power was cut, the machinery wound down in a weakening moan, like air raid sirens after giving the all clear, and the queer hush descended. I stood like a fool, twirling a micrometer. The chargehand came slipping across, on his way to the stores.

'What happens now?' I asked him.

'Nothing,' he said. 'Clean down, then do what you like. Shove off after five if you want.'

Love came down at Christmas
Love all lovely, Love Divine

Yes, indeed. And to us in Britain the fact brings warmth and joy.

But warmth and joy are unknown to these 2,000,000 destitute souls locked in Algerian Regroupment Camps. Innocent victims of a cruel war. Most are old people and children under 12 years of age. Hunger, disease and death are constant companions this Christmas. Since 1958 over 180,000 children have died in these camps.

As we approach the Festive Season, and glory in its joy, can we not share a little of our comfort with these hungry people? As our children delight in opening their eyes to feast on the overflowing stockings, so will the eyes of camp children open to the anguish of another bitter hungry day. Maybe all they will have to eat on Christmas Day are acorns and stew made from grass and grass roots.

Dare we ask the Christ Child to share our lives and homes and still be unaware of His presence in these camps? Day by day and night by night. He sees both them and us. We in our joy — they in their misery. Surely, as He watches the hungry, only one word falls from His lips,

INASMUCH

Your gift to save life will be welcomed, whether it is small or large, by

The Hon Treasurer, Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P.,
WAR ON WANT,
9 MADELEY ROAD, LONDON, W.5.

Please don't let Christmas pass without a collection in your home or at work. A Carol Party?

Special Christmas Cards 6/- per dozen, post free

'Thanks,' I said.

I got some cotton waste and began to wipe half-heartedly at the film of oil and muck on the casings, to pass the time. Twenty minutes went by. Men were lounging against their steel worktables, smoking or else staring vacantly. I gave up any pretence and stood idle, like them. It was nice to be dead. In the distance I could hear occasional whoops and savage yells. They came nearer. Then a crowd of women and girls in their bright blue overalls burst into the shop at the bottom end, near the foreman's little sanctum. I saw what they were up to. They were carrying a sprig of mistletoe. The foreman had disappeared from sight, surrounded; apparently he was a traditional victim. Wild screeches of glee split the air, bouncing away under the girders. A couple of the marauders broke away from the pack and started to race down the gangway in my direction. I looked round in a panic. No one else in sight – they had fled to the last man. When the first figure reached me, giggling, I was armed with a big wrench. I saw the pink greasepaint on her fangs, the flabby tomato cheeks, the bright weasel eyes.

'Clear off,' I shouted harshly, brandishing the wrench.

They looked at each other, the two of them. The one in front, who meant business, was getting on for 40. She was brawny and fierce, covered with freckles. She stood there a few seconds, her mouth open. So close I could see the spittle stretching at the corners. Then her shoulders shook with mirth. The girl who was with her only gaped and looked gormless, hanging back. I expected a real mouthful, but they went off without a word, to my shame. I was trembling, I remember. I don't know why they put the fear of God into me, those two.

HAPPY
CHRISTMAS
HAPPIER

No doubt you're looking
forward to a happy Christmas –
no reason why you shouldn't be.
But perhaps the sight of some
of the cases the NSPCC deals with
might disturb your happiness.
Perhaps you're fortunate and
never meet with the heartbreak of
unnecessary suffering in children –
most people don't. BUT YOU
CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT
IT. Your contribution is needed
– perhaps the thought of helping a
helpless child will make your
Christmas happier.

Send contributions to:—

The Director

N · S · P · C · C

131 VICTORY HOUSE
LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON

Happiness on the Farm

NAOMI MITCHISON

We had a week of good weather for the threshing mill and the last day, when it was down with me, was the best of the lot, frost-crisp in the morning and an unclouded sun all day, but so low that the light and shadows always had something of evening colour in them. However, I spent quite a bit of the morning in the kitchen, as a big dinner for the threshing team is essential, and it had to be the traditional kind, with lots of carrots in the soup and turnips for a vegetable. I kept thinking how much nicer my stock would have been without the roots in it, but Emily knew what they like.

I had come back from the byre the evening before and seen the familiar humped shape of the tarpaulin-covered mill, not as always in the stackyard, but over by the new shed. And it is clear that the shed is beginning to pull us all its way. It certainly turned out much easier to pile up the straw into the remaining bay of the shed, where one won't bother about it getting wet. In this part of the world we think a lot of our straw and feed it to the cattle outside through the early part of winter.

When the mill first started coming to the Glen, you would get the lend of a horse and cart from one or two of your fellow users, but now everyone brings a tractor; and these raced to and from the stacks, taking the sheaves over to the mill. But next year, I begin to see, we shall have to have the stacks over by the shed and shall bring the stackyard itself into the field, which I am intending anyhow to plough up and reseed directly to grass. It is close to the house and the sheds are there. I'm thinking of running out a cable and having a couple of lights – or rather it was Lachlan who thought of it, saying it was a wee bit difficult working with a torch in one hand and a pitchfork in the other. But here again, it begins with our having collected some telephone poles when the Post Office decided to put their cables underground. Once you start thinking what to do with a telephone pole, you may end up anywhere!

The mill has worked its way down the glen, a day at each farm, and one or two men coming to help from each of the other farms. In the middle of it we had our Farmers' Dance in the Village Hall, starting off with whist and tea. The difficulty from my own point of view is that nobody dances with me till they have worked up a certain amount of confidence – and done all their duty dances with their own female relatives. And by the time the confidence is on them, some of them have lost the use of their legs. Though I always think it is quite amazing how some of my friends can dance when they can't stand. I suppose it is just that dancing is a nobler thing.

It had been a difficult harvest this year in our part: week after week of bad weather. Nobody's stacks were in very good order, and the corn is damp and will have to be turned rather often. The corn from the tops of the stacks, which is the worst, has been kept separately for the hens. But there was an odd sheaf sprouting here and there, even far down the stacks. There were fewer rats than usual. 'I've heard it said they see the mill arrive and go away,' said the mill-man.

'Most of them seem to have got under my drawing-room floor,' I said. After a time, one stops minding the rats and only wonders about their life below one's feet. The rattle of their feet and the squeaks, which are clearly some kind of communication, are much nicer than a snake's slither.

Of course, what one asks oneself is whether it is sensible to grow oats at all. Would we not do better, instead of feeding oats to hens and cows, to have all the land under grass and buy in feeding stuffs? Some people even silage their oats green. We grow a cleaning crop one year between the two oat crops, but this year our potatoes were under water half the time and have a lot of brown spot through them. The turnips have done fairly well, and are less expensive to grow since we got a precision sower that eliminates a lot of the singling. But how would the whole thing compare with the cost of feeding stuffs?

If I were a real agri-businessman I would no doubt know the answer; and it would probably mean less labour costs, which ultimately means a fall in the rural population. A lot of people are aiming at just that. One can't be sure, but I think it would also be a fall in general happiness. Farm work has had the really back-breaking quality taken out of it, though cows have not so far been persuaded to take Sundays off. And it was the age-old cruel work that made the real case against farming as a way of life – at any rate for the farm labourer. My guess is that nowadays it may be less pleasant to work on an agri-business factory-farm than on a family farm. Once I asked Lachlan whether he noticed a difference in kind in the hours of work and the hours after work. He said no, and I think many people on small farms would say the same. But is that ever true of a factory?

Correspondence

UNILATERALIST DILEMMA

SIR, – Perhaps you or some of your readers can advise me. Convinced that we are heading for nuclear war, and wishing to protest, I took part in the last sit-down demonstration, and was duly thrown about by policemen, arrested, fined and bound over. My problem now is, what do I do when the next demonstration comes along?

I might face the prospect of heavier penalties with a better heart if I thought that most unilateralists accepted the need for civil disobedience, but evidently they don't. Only about 0.01 per cent of the population turned out for the last demonstrations, and that must be a small fraction of all the people who are opposed to nuclear weapons. Moreover every comment on the civil disobedience movement I have seen in your pages has been unfavourable. In recent weeks Mr Marquand has dismissed it as an extremist faction and Bertrand Russell as having negligible influence; Miss Lessing has said that hysteria is endemic in the Committee of 100, and your editorial comment has suggested that the Committee's activities may split the anti-nuclear campaign and so do more harm than good.

Now I have no axe to grind for the Committee of 100. I have supported them in recent months simply because they seemed to be the only people making an effective protest; and here I am going by the atmosphere at meetings and demonstrations I have attended and the behaviour of the authorities. I should be very happy to switch my support to some other group or movement which is less hysterical, and doesn't seem so likely to land me in personal unpleasantness, if I could believe that it has a policy at least as effective potentially as civil disobedience. But what alternative is there? Bigger and better Aldermaston's for the next decade? Reversal of the Blackpool decision next year, or sometime? The trouble is events are moving too rapidly. Thus Wayland Young's *Strategy for Survival,* which seemed admirable a year or two ago, is already just a joke in bad taste.

If there is any practical means of bringing about nuclear disarmament, other than mass civil disobedience, I should be glad to hear of it. But please don't tell me we must rely on converting the Labour Party. We haven't got that long.

B. Cooper

10 Brackley Road
Beckenham
Kent

LABOUR IN THE LCC

Sir, – The note headed 'Labour Party' in your current issue asserts that the LCC 'has *always* provided one of the worst advertisements of the seamier side of Labour politics.' As one of the many insulted by this comprehensive smear, may I be permitted to ask for chapter and verse, with emphasis on the adverb?

I take this to be an example of the unity which you find to have been almost established.

Margaret Cole

The County Hall, SE1

This journal does not undervalue the excellent work done by the Labour-controlled LCC through the devoted efforts of such public-spirited men and women as Mrs Cole. Nevertheless the political picture at County Hall is far from being a happy one – as members of the Labour group are often eager to explain when speaking off the record. The rigid – if in many cases unwritten – code of 'rules and regulations' imposed by the Leader with the acquiescence of the party caucus has tended to remove crucial debate from the Council Chamber to the privacy of the Labour Party meeting. This in turn has the effect of stifling desirable public discussion and of frustrating (sometimes intolerably) some of the most outstanding of Labour's representatives. Great though the achievements of the LCC are, they might be even greater if the caucus-ridden techniques of the London Labour Party did not deter many able men and women, who dislike its methods, from offering it their services. This is the 'seamier side of Labour politics'. It is damaging to the Labour Party's repute wherever it occurs; and the LCC, as the largest local authority, has for years been its most ominous example.

THE ETU SCANDAL

Sir, – I do not know what credentials are possessed by the editor of the New Statesman which qualify him to give lectures in morality, but I would suggest that before the lessons in ethics are taken any further it might be useful to consider not the theology but the facts.

It is true, as you state, that 'allegations of fraud were made as far back as 1956 and repeated in several subsequent ETU elections'. It is equally true, as you state, that 'they were made, from the outset, in this journal'. It is also true that they brought 'hot denials from Mr Foulkes, Mr Hendy and others'. It is, however, also true that those allegations were never proved, because they could not be.

You attributed fraud to the Communists. This matter was canvassed in the recent law-suit – though, the plaintiffs in that action made no direct claim in respect of those earlier matters. What the judge said of these suggestions you have never cared to report to your readers. He said: 'It is only due to Mr Hendy that it be emphasised that there is no evidence from which the court could infer that his group or, indeed, any Communist group which discussed ETU matters ever decided that unlawful methods ought to be adopted. In general my considered judgment upon all these topics is that, when fully examined, as they have been in at least adequate detail, they do not amount to, or establish, any fraudulent practice by any of the defendents.'

I recall that you once claimed that the executive had been fraudulently elected, at a time when I and others had in fact been elected unopposed. I am. therefore, hardly surprised that you can claim an opposition to be composed of militant Labour Party men, when that opposition has the unqualified support of the *Daily Telegraph* and the Economic League. But please don't go on repeating that Communists cheat because they are Communists. They have no need to, anyway, for their ultimate victory is inevitable, and there is now no power on earth that can long delay it.

J. Hendy

15 Ranelagh Road
W5

Mr Hendy claims to be concerned with facts. Why then does he not recognise that, with the personal exception of Mr Foulkes, the defence of the ETU leadership has collapsed? His letter is designed to give the impression that all the defendants in the ETU law-suit were blameless. Moreover, at a time when this journal was making allegations of electoral fraud and other forms of sharp practice, Mr Hendy was a member of the ETU executive and of the Communist Party. Would he have us believe that he was more ignorant of what was going on than many outsiders? Did he never suspect that there might be substance in the charges? It is true that the earlier charges were never dealt with in detail in the legal proceedings: but they were not the substantive cause of the action. It is stretching credulity too far to suggest that all the allegations of fraud were untrue with the one exception of the case which led to Mr Haxell's downfall. This letter clearly indicates the way in which Mr Hendy argues. Note, for instance, that he does not deny that members of the new executive are members of the Labour Party: he simply smears them by saying that they have the support of the *Daily Telegraph.* It also reveals the manner in which Mr Hendy is endeavouring to rehabilitate the Communist faction in the ETU.

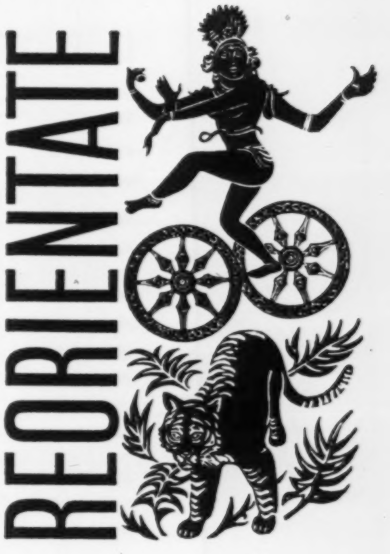
ECONOMICS OF TASTE

Sir, – Naturally I am enormously flattered that an author, unknown to me, who writes as brightly as Mr Edward Lucie-Smith, should have chosen my book as the object of a full-dress attack. Purring all the time, may I nevertheless be permitted to emit a muffled squeak?

First I am grateful for the information that the picture, which was sold by Sotheby's in 1953 as a Verrocchio, now lives happily ever after in the Kress Foundation as a Ghirlandajo 'with the backing of expert opinion.' In leaving it in the short Verrocchio list, I did however state that Verrocchio was a rare and 'much attributed' painter. But I do agree with Mr Smith that the motive which caused a buyer to pay £11,000 for this particular work makes nonsense of any comparison with previous Verrocchio entries. Unfortunately in a record of more than 6,000 pictures, sold over a period of 200 years, it is not humanly possible to avoid such things altogether. The lists show very broadly how the work of given painters has varied in value over the ages. In the great majority of cases some sort of pattern emerges. In a very few cases, such as the present one, the data are insufficient to create a pattern, but one is not justified in omitting them altogether.

Mr Smith seems to be under the impression that I have tried to evolve a science or a system out of these lists of picture-prices, that I have imagined the material to be more scientific than it really is. But I think that I have explained their purpose sufficiently in the book. The lists should help the reader to follow the fluctuations as described in the text – but no more than that. They are not a form-book and they won't help him to spot next year's winner.

Mr Smith also complains of my opinions 'which in a book of this kind are strictly speak-



visit INDIA

ten thousand images

REORIENTATE—join today's top travellers going east to India—to the most profound holiday experience of all.

NAVIGATE—go north, south, east or west, you'll find more than a million square miles of unrivalled scenic beauty, home of the world's highest mountains, longest rivers, deepest valleys.

CONTEMPLATE—India is a thousand epics in stone, symbolic of man's driving quest for spiritual truth. A galaxy of dramas and festivals brings India's 5,000 years of civilisation to Life.

ASSIMILATE—sample the world's most exotic foods (oriental or occidental). You have a splendid choice of that internationally popular dish—curry. Try it with fine, long-grained rice.

PENETRATE—tiger, panther, bear, elephant, buffalo, bison and wild boar in the jungle; trout and mahseer in the rivers, the wily snipe and the strong-winged duck on the jheels; above all, India's showpiece—the Gir Forest—with its one hundred regal lions.

Ask your travel agent about 'Visit India Year' concessions now available till March, 1962 or:—

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To: Government of India Tourist Office
21 New Bond Street, London, W.1
Tel: Hyde Park 0769

Please send me free full-colour booklets and details of 'Visit India Year' concessions.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

5G156452

Calling you
this Christmas...

Calling you this Christmas
are the 3,000 children in the 40
branches of the National Children's
Home. The Home, nation-wide but
not nationalised, depends on
voluntary contributions from people
like *you*.
Please give generously.

NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S HOME

Send your gift NOW to The Principal,
The Rev. John Waterhouse, O.B.E.
Dept. NS, Highbury Park, London, N.5

HISTORIC
CHURCHES
PRESERVATION TRUST

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE PHILIP,
DUKE OF EDINBURGH
Chairman: THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY

Will you help to save England's heritage of ancient and valuable churches? Over 1,200 churches and chapels have already been helped, but many hundreds still urgently need repair. Many of the finest are situated in small parishes where their upkeep has always been a difficult problem. £100,000 a year must be raised to augment local efforts.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

will be gratefully received by the Secretary, who will be glad to provide further information and literature.

HISTORIC CHURCHES PRESERVATION TRUST, FULHAM PALACE, LONDON, S.W.6

ing irrelevant'. I date from a time when writers on art were not yet expected to be the clinical persons in white overalls, devoid of love and hate, that they have now become. Some of them, I recall, were vituperative to the verge of apoplexy and may even have died of it. Mr Smith however appears to be on the side of those experts who are above or beneath expressing personal feelings. Yet he notices that big money is paid equally for the supreme good taste of Greek vases and the supreme vulgarity of Fabergé. Does he not see that it is the fashionable intellectual distaste for invidious comparisons that has made this possible? It has made it commendable to collect biscuit-tins, provided that they are early biscuit-tins or exceedingly important examples of a rare group. And I am quite sure that among the goons who pay to sit on gilt chairs during auction sales, there are many who resent Mr Smith's description of Fabergé as much as he appears to resent my not-so-sweeping comment on the 18th-century taste for Annibale Caracci. How odd, though, that we are both on the same side.

GERALD REITLINGER

Woodgate House
Beckley Rye, Sussex

PAPER SCIENCE

SIR, – Nigel Calder and your correspondents surely overlook the most important aspect of the problem, namely that scientific literature is just that – literature, the subject of which happens to be science instead of, as is more conventional, about people. Thousands of novels get published every year; only a small percentage, however, are of any merit. Does anyone bemoan this spate of books? No, because it is accepted that only in profusion does there lie the chance of an occasional masterpiece.

Even if one adopts the criterion that every scientific communication, however commonplace, is nevertheless 'true' and 'useful' the parallel still holds good. It is the fate of almost every discovery that it is soon improved upon and eventually superseded. So much for the 'true' aspect. As for usefulness, it has not been unknown for two researchers to tackle the same problem and to arrive at different or even contradictory conclusions. In the last analysis, every scientific paper is a record of a researcher's excursion into the external world as he sees it. Substitute internal for external and you have a definition for a novel or, for that matter, any work of art.

This failure to recognise scientific communication for what it really is robs it potentially of the most vitalising force it could possess, namely enlightened criticism. If we could evolve a strain of scientific critics who would attack the current output with the same gusto and discernment as their artistic colleagues, then the pedantic minutiae would inevitably be condensed and banished to the back pages of our scientific journals, leaving their now resplendent middles glowing with the same vitality and scholarship as some of their 18th and 19th-century forebears.

HARRY SINGER

46 Clare Court, WC1

WASHINGTON SKYLINE

SIR, – Kingsley Martin remarks in his American Diary that Washington is distinguished from other American cities by its trees and its marble buildings. But what differentiates it far more notably than either of these is its ban on skyscrapers. In Washington, alone among the cities of the United States, the buildings which make the skyline are public ones of real civic – or in this case national – significance, and not just somebody's bank or insurance company or a nondescript office or apartment block.

Herein lies a lesson which cannot be repeated often enough in England. It was, I suppose, inevitable that London's skyline should be destroyed in this fashion, although it could have been done with far more tact and skill; but the desecration of Bath is unpardonable. May places dominated by cathedrals, fine churches or other public buildings, and above all Oxford and Cambridge, show constant firmness in refusing to allow commercial interests to impinge upon their sky.

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

15 Clareville Grove, SW7

SCHOLARS AT WAR

SIR, – Professor Palmer is as cavalier with the facts of what happened one year ago as with the facts of what happened 60 or 3,360 years ago. Our collaboration started when he gave me a copy of his 'material' on 2 July 1960. He returned the last of the notebooks to the Museum two days later. Meanwhile the *Observer* article appeared (of which he gave me no warning before committing me to collaboration).

JOHN BOARDMAN

Ashmolean Museum
Oxford

EDUCATIONAL TV

SIR, – In your article 'The Phoney Fourth Service' you make two mistakes. First, you state that I am a member of the ITA Children's Advisory Committee; second, you imply that by virtue of membership of that body I am 'not wholly disinterested' where commercial television is concerned.

I ceased to be a member of ITA's Children's Committee a year ago but were I still a member you are not entitled to suggest that that would lead me to favour commercial television. That is to misunderstand the nature of the Committee and my own personal position. The ITA Children's Committee was established to maintain standards, not to support commercial television. My union's evidence to the Pilkington Committee favoured giving the third channel to the BBC and I fully support its view.

If, however, the Institute for Educational Television project proves to be a commercial television lobby in disguise, I will play no part in it

RONALD GOULD
General Secretary

National Union of Teachers

The last published report of the ITA listed Sir Ronald as a member of its Children's Advisory Committee. The report for the current year, which would give the present membership, is not published as we go to press.

AFRICAN DEFENCE FUND

SIR, – The imposition of the new constitution for Southern Rhodesia against the wishes of the African population has created a desperate situation for the multi-racial committee in Salisbury which has so courageously tried to provide defence and aid for Africans who are victimised as a result of policies and practice arising from white domination. Before this present crisis their slender fund was already under considerable strain. And now, with the arrest last week of hundreds of African women and children who staged a non-violent demonstration against the new constitution, the committee has sent me an urgent request for help.

The committee depends for its money upon such voluntary contributions as they can get from impoverished Africans and from the white population, which is often either hostile or afraid, and upon such aid as Christian Action has been able to give through its Defence and Aid Fund. Christian Action has sent a token gift of £500 from its Race Relations Fund. But this is quite inadequate to the needs, and, because the Defence and Aid Fund is at present short of money, we can only send more if friends of the African people in Britain will once again generously support the fund. May I appeal through you to your readers to help. Donations should be sent to me (cheques payable, please, to Defence and Aid Fund) earmarked for Southern Rhodesia, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4.

L. JOHN COLLINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Art of Opposition

PAUL JOHNSON

'He has shattered his contemporaries, but he will not charm posterity.' Bagehot's verdict on Lord Brougham, written in 1857 when the old volcano was nearly 80, still stands – but not for the reasons he advanced in his essay. He saw Brougham as a windy agitator, full of sound and fury but signifying little by the harsh standards of administrative efficiency with which he judged statesmanship. In fact, Brougham's achievements, even before the publication of Professor New's present study*, had not gone entirely unrecognised. His character, on the other hand, has until now been savagely misunderstood.

For this his contemporaries are to blame. With few exceptions, they united to give him a bad press. Inveterate opponents like Croker, sly placemen like Creevey and Greville, embittered reactionaries like Wordsworth (and his neurotic sister), envious juniors like Macaulay, cantankerous critics like Hazlitt, each contributed their quota of malice and lies; and they were joined, for a variety of reasons, by reformers such as Ricardo, Place and Bentham, to whom Brougham had given steadfast and disinterested support. The charges against him cover a multitude of sins, many of them mutually exclusive. He was wildly impractical; he was a professional political manipulator. He knew nothing of the law; he was a legal pedant without a soul. He was obstinate; he was vacillating. He was mad and irresponsible; he was cold, cunning and self-seeking. He was a revolutionary; he was an obstacle to radical reform. He was a blind ideologist: he was an unprincipled empiricist. Faced with this mass of conflicting accusations, the bewildered student is tempted to conclude there must have been something seriously wrong with the man. Professor New wearily complains that Brougham's biographer 'has to make his way as best he can through a mass of malice carefully concealed, with its whispers, gibes and sneers, to say nothing of sheer untruths assiduously invented and circulated'.

Fortunately, Professor New possessed the industry, patience and sheer courage to do precisely this. He has stripped off the layers of established misconceptions. He has checked the published sources with the original manuscripts on which they were based, detecting many important errors and omissions. He has explored a wealth of unpublished materials, some of them uncatalogued; and he has performed a miracle of collation and condensation. The book carries the story only to 1830 and it lacks polish (New died before he passed the final proofs) but it is plainly the most valuable English biography to be published for a long time. It not only rehabilitates Brougham as a man; it reveals him as easily the greatest political reformer of the first half of the 19th century.

Reading this book, it is not difficult to see why Brougham aroused such unjustified criticism and why so much of it is contradictory. He bridged two entirely different and mutually hostile worlds. On the one hand were the rabble-rousers and the academic reformers, who had yet to learn Fabian patience and respect for constitutional processes. On the other were the professional politicians, who regarded parliament as the exclusive instrument of change. Brougham saw that reform would degenerate into revolution unless he could persuade the two to work in harness, and he appointed himself the coachman. Naturally, both resented the complementary disciplines he imposed, and for different reasons. The non-parliamentary reformers suspected him as an unscrupulous politician and attributed his willingness for the necessary compromise to self-seeking. The politicians saw him as a demagogue, even an anarchist, conjuring up ungovernable forces which would overwhelm the constitution. The only people who seem to have trusted him were the unrepresented millions, among whom he was wildly popular.

Their instinct was sound. None of the serious charges against Brougham bears examination. He was not an officer-seeker, still less corrupt. Even in 1830, when he had at last brought the Whigs to power, he agreed to become Chancellor only because Grey insisted that a government could not be formed without him. Though far from wealthy, he repeatedly declined lucrative commissions to pursue the cause of reform in the Commons. His parliamentary seat was never secure but he did not hesitate to defy his patrons on issues of principle. In his relentless pursuit of the Liverpool slave-traders and West Indian planters (who together had connections with about 150 MPs), and still more in his offensive against charitable abuses – one of the great scandals of the early 19th century – he aroused implacable enmities, regardless of his own career. In negotiating bills through parliament, he never, so far as I have been able to discover, conceded points for reasons of sheer political (still less personal) expediency.

Equally, the charges of demagoguery will not stick. He would have nothing to do with such utopian schemes as annual parliaments. Popular agitation he regarded as a vital political instrument, when canalised in some practical direction, and he was expert at arousing it. But when, after Peterloo, anarchy threatened, he skilfully assisted the government in restoring order, while steering it away from blind repression. With rare exceptions his violence of language was carefully calculated.

Nevertheless, his unwillingness to identify himself wholly either with a party, such as the Whigs, or with a reformist pressure-group, such as the Saints or the Benthamites, made him a solitary figure. His contemporaries, no less than posterity, found it impossible to pigeonhole him – a handicap which is liable to be fatal in English public life. The wonder is that he was able to achieve so much. If Wilberforce is fairly given the main credit of carrying the abolition of the slave-trade onto the Statute Book, it was Brougham, with his trained lawyer's brain, who forced through the punitive legislation which in practice eliminated it; it was he who, by constant pressure in the House, persuaded Castlereagh to devise an international system of enforcement; and it was he who carried the campaign to ultimate success by securing the abolition of slavery itself within the Empire.

Brougham not only created Britain's first modern university, he virtually invented state education by persuading the government to devote public funds to a purpose which, until then, had been left to charity or private enterprise. As Dr Arnold told him: 'Upon the general subject of popular education you are the founder and leader of us all.' Brougham broke the power of state censorship and the system of special juries. He revolutionised the criminal law by ensuring the defence equal rights with the prosecution. His reform of the Court of Chancery made possible cheap and speedy justice in civil cases, and thanks to him the conditions described in *Bleak House* had ceased to exist many years before Dickens wrote it. Most of all, he made the greatest single contribution to the cause of universal suffrage.

What is even more striking, and gives Brougham his real historical significance, is that he accomplished the bulk of this work in opposition – and in the teeth of a huge Tory majority. If Fox established the principle of loyal opposition, Brougham first gave it positive application. His methods are instructive even today. He devised no elaborate party programme, for he recognised he would never get his heterogeneous allies to agree on one; still less did he try to create a theoretical party 'image' (a task as forlorn in 1810 as it is in 1961). What he did was to concentrate on a number of limited, practical objectives on each of which it was possible, by energetic persistence, to force the government to yield. On the basis of these parliamentary victories, a genuine image and a workable programme emerged of themselves.

Equally, Brougham rejected as unreal the debate (which currently divides the Labour Party) between the educationists, who wish to concentrate on the long-term task of converting public opinion to fundamental changes, and the pragmatists, who by placing the first priority on attaining office limit themselves to marginal adjustments. Brougham's career shows that the two strategies can be not merely compatible but complementary. The academic reformers provided him with a steady flow of facts and arguments. He used the *Edinburgh Review* to present them to the politically-

---

**The Life of Henry Brougham to 1830.* By CHESTER NEW. *Oxford.* 50s.

conscious, the national and provincial papers to reach the middle classes, and the public platform to arouse the masses. With this symphony of forces behind him, he fought his decisive pitched battles across the floor of the Commons. Thus political education and statutory change went hand-in-hand.

But the art of opposition, as Brougham exercised it, was no magic formula. Its chief ingredients were hard work and ruthless obstinacy. Brougham never neglected his political homework, still less any opportunity to hound and harass the Treasury bench. In a single session he would speak as often as 170 times. Remorselessly, day after day, at Westminster and in the country, he chipped away at the cement which held the Tory edifice together. With each concession he wrung from the government, he eroded its self-confidence and will to survive. With his successful defence of Queen Caroline, he united, for the first time, the popular and parliamentary forces of change. As Professor New argues, it was this, rather than the death of Castlereagh, which inaugurated the Age of Reform: for it forced the government to veer to the left and so engendered the split in the Tory ranks which in 1830 finally precipitated the Whigs into power. Thus Brougham proved that if you wish to form a government you cannot afford to behave like one: that there is no substitute for root-and-branch opposition, conducted without respite in the House of Commons; that you can stick to your principles – and get office too.

The Golden Cowrie

MAY and HENRY LARSEN

Set in the South Sea island of New Caledonia, this is the story of an expedition in search of the fabulous shell known as the golden cowrie. 6 colour plates, 48 monochrome plates, 21s.

Black Sand

MAY and HENRY LARSEN

A hundred isles set in the South Pacific – the New Hebrides: these are the background to this book which gives a vivid commentary on the people of a primitive race with whom the authors lived for two years. 6 colour plates, 70 monochrome plates, 21s.

Oliver O&B & Boyd

Not Quite a Saint

Letters from AE. Edited by ALAN DENSON. *Abelard-Schuman. 30s.*

I have known two poets, Edwin Muir and Canon Andrew Young, who struck me as being (one in a very gentle, the other in a craggy and severe style) almost saintly, and two others, Roy Campbell and Dylan Thomas, who, battered and ravaged by passion, by appetite and, in Campbell's case, by opinionated hatred, had nevertheless retained a childlike simplicity of heart, which immediately evoked love. But vanity, envy, pride, spite are more common characteristics of poets, and most of them grow less lovable as they grow older. AE, certainly almost a saint, hardly seems to me a poet at all; his verses, in diction and rhythm, come from the hymn-book of a religion whose theology I do not understand. He kept open house in Dublin for poets good, bad and indifferent, seeing the image of God in people and in writings that, to Yeats's sterner eye, were merely blurred and botched. He was looking for a light. 'The poets like Spender and Eliot have no light in their minds.' But he writes to Herbert Palmer, 'Why the devil do you suppose I should read you to tell you any defects in your verse. I don't read poetry for defects, I read it for virtues.' And then, a page or two on, he says about a volume of Eliot's essays, 'The effect is to make me never want to read poetry any more in the world, the criticism is so dry and joyless.' It would be too easy for all of us who love the world too much to dismiss such a man as a fool.

He was, I think, on to something. He saw Yeats, his great antithesis, as a man who, unwilling to trust life to create form, expected form to create life. 'If you have a style, he once argued with me, you will have something to say.' And Yeats, he thought, stamped an imposed form not only on his writing but his personality: 'He has created the mask and he finds himself obliged to speak in harmony with the fixed expression of the mask. . . . He bores me terribly now and he was once so interesting.'

The man seems a holy idiot, no doubt, an enemy of standards and criticism, but that makes one pause. This is just the point which deep criticism of Yeats (as of Pope) is now reaching: the worry about a certain stagedness, and staginess. The criticism is also based on an attitude to art which (however personal AE's own theology was) is by Christian standards orthodox:

> I have no interest in people who find in literature anything but an avenue to life. Every thought or mood is the opening or closing of a door to the divine world and who is there who would not laugh at who went to a door and only admire or look forgetting its uses.

Up to a point, one agrees. But the doors in AE's own poems are so sketchily drawn and painted that one does not try to open them; and God, if He exists, perhaps creates the very great artists, like Pope or like Yeats, not to use weak verse as a substitute for prayer or meditation, but in their superhuman mastery to declare forth His Glory. That is there in any final ordering of words, as in the final ordering of the constellations. It is not there in the warm, gossipy, diffuse letters of this man who was not quite a saint, because he too much liked being liked:

> Moore's *Vale* is out, the most scandalous of all his books. I escaped with a halo but halos fixed on one's brows by the wicked don't add to one's glory. . . . He won't come back to Ireland now, I think, ever. There are one or two folk here who would murder him.

But Moore was an artist and it is in Moore's pages, not in these letters (lacking style, they lack salt to preserve them from putrefaction), that AE remains appetising. He was a very good man, indeed, a mystical and a practical man, and it is both necessary and a pity that pure goodness, like pure water, should have a certain insipidity. What salt there is comes from his being not quite a saint, from the pressure on him, or around him, of men like Moore and Yeats who *were* artists. It would have been more of a privilege in the end, I think, to have been snubbed or maligned by either of them than to have been gathered lovingly, over tea and soda scones, into AE's coterie of interesting lame dogs. Yet he makes one, of course, feel humble.

G. S. FRASER

On being Chosen for a Schools Anthology

Mostly shame, I suppose, at inadequacies
explained away: the right rhyme chosen
for the wrong reason. And tiptoed voices
nibbling at a line that once was fact.

My own two kids could tell them: the slapped
face and the breakfast roar of the bore who sat
cuddling himself in the flat's best corner.

If the truth were known, it is nothing I have
written should be shown in a cloth book in a
cold classroom. But myself in a desk I have
not outgrown with the innocents ringed
around me – pausing as I put in my thumb,
explaining as I draw a plum, applauding as I make
the private joke I have in time become.

EDWIN BROCK

Back

The night I came back from the hospital, scarcely
Knowing what had happened or when,
I went through the whole performance again in my dreams.
Three times – in a dance, in a chase and in something
Now lost – my body was seized and shaken
Till my jaw swung loose, my eyes were almost out
And my trunk was stunned and stretched with a vibration
Sharper than fear, closer than pain. It was death.
So I sweated under the sheets, afraid to sleep,
Though you breathed all night quietly enough by my side.

Was it the *tremor mortis*, the last dissolution
Known now in dreams, unknown in the pit itself,
When I was gripped by the neck till my life shook
Like loosening teeth in my head? Yet I recall
Nothing of death but the puzzled look on your face,
Swimming towards me; weeping, clouded, uncertain,
As they took the tube from my arm
And plugged the strange world back in place.

A. ALVAREZ

Gastro-literary

Larousse Gastronomique. By PROSPER MONTAGNÉ. *Paul Hamlyn.* 84*s.*

The Compleat Imbiber. Edited by CYRIL RAY. *Vista Books.* 25*s.*

The Passionate Epicure. By MARCEL ROUFF. Translated by Claude. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Eating and Drinking. An anthology compiled by PETER HUNT. *Ebury Press.* 25*s.*

Prosper Montagné's *Larousse Gastronomique* claims to be the longest single-volume encyclopaedia of wine, food and cooking ever written. It is sumptuous fare, weighing a good six pounds by the kitchen scales, garnished with lavish illustrations and stuffed with a wealth of information. On closer inspection, like Trimalchio's pig, it seems a bit overstuffed with inessentials; much of the historical matter is arbitrarily selected, much of it repetitive, much of it of doubtful authenticity. It is the work of a cook – but of a first-class cook. From the culinary point of view it is scrupulous. Above all, it is matter-of-fact. It reminds us that the French take their eating and drinking seriously – and with a seriousness devoid of affectation.

This has not been so of the English for some time, certainly not since the 19th century when our traditions of yeoman cooking died out in the Industrial Revolution. Thanks to our Victorian heritage, we have become a nation of insensitive eaters and reluctant cooks. Larousse's brief account of English cooking is strangely out of date. Discussing our meat, game and fish, it transcribes our own fond belief that we 'choose ingredients of the finest quality' and cook them so as to bring out 'the fine natural taste of the original food'. Whether or not we still have the finest ingredients to choose from – and, in any case, apart from beef, mutton, pork and plaice, those mentioned by Larousse are the prerogative of the few and likely to remain so – we have been effectively masking their natural flavour since bottled sauces and gravy (now of course obtainable dehydrated and prepackaged) first gained their pre-eminent place in the kitchen in Victorian days. In the matter of vegetable cookery, 'not a highly developed art in England', Larousse is more accurate. Indeed too few of us have ever questioned the assumption, formulated in the 19th century for express dietary reasons, that the proper, the only way to cook green vegetables is to boil them uncovered for a long time in *plenty* of water, with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to every gallon. The residue of our Victorian legacy is meat-and-two-veg. From being the daily diet Mrs Beeton prescribed for the servants, it has become our national dish – served up for generations in most of our homes, hash-houses and institutions with monotonous unpalatability. Some four centuries ago cooking (together with music and good looks) was our national pride, the French in those days being content to bear the palm in theology. Now it is a national joke.

But there are signs that the joke is wearing a bit thin. Certainly food and drink attract a good deal of public attention. Though we have always had our gourmets, they have hitherto been a select band, neither vociferous nor proselytising. Now they harangue us regularly in the press; and we have come to recognise a new group of crusading *gastro-littérateurs* – Mr Cyril Ray and Mr Raymond Postgate, who edits the *Good Food Guide*, are probably the most distinguished representatives – determined to rouse us from our gastronomic slumbers. Moreover, food and wine, no less than photography and interior decorating, seem to be acquiring a new cultural prestige, or rather to be sharing in the new prestige acquired by culture generally. Thus the *Spectator*, to which both Mr Ray and Mr Postgate are contributors, has made it a point of policy to give them critical coverage on a level with books and the arts; a policy which seems to be being followed by the most recently revivified of our serious periodicals, *Time and Tide*, in which the owner of the Royal Court Theatre Club writes a column not on the theatre but on cooking. And year by year there is a rising tide of glossy books in which eating and drinking are similarly dignified. This year Cyril Ray provides yet one more volume in his *Compleat Imbiber* series, a miscellaneous annual 'entertainment' sponsored by Messrs Gilbey; Mr Lawrence Durrell, our most fashionable novelist, revives and introduces a 'little masterpiece' from the French, comparing its gourmet hero to Dr Johnson; and our wine-historian, M. André Simon, introducing an anthology (ranging in scope from Sir Thomas Browne to Nancy Spain), tells us that gastronomy is a faculty equivalent to the appreciation of art or music.

Cooking has been elevated from a kitchen to a drawing-room topic (while in the theatre, oddly enough, the drawing-room seems to have been replaced by the kitchen); but this new emphasis is hardly likely to remain, culture and prestige being in this country so exposed to winds of change. Once the culture has worn off what will be left? To the emerging middle classes preached to by Mrs Beeton, eating and drinking were largely matters of ritual and gentility, and one suspects that to our own aspiring middle classes, preached to by Mr Ray and his colleagues, they have much the same significance. Unfortunately a knowledge of food and wine, particularly of wine, lends itself admirably to the status game, which demands not that you should eat and drink well but that you should be seen to be doing so. Like culture it is basically useless and therefore extremely valuable. Mr Ray, not unaware of this, records that both he and Mr Postgate are 'good socialists', and in reply to the charge that he is concerned only to raise the standards of restaurants catering for clients on expense accounts, claims that the crusade is really for the benefit of all classes, though it may take as long as 60 years for its full effects to filter down. The reason, he says, why the French lorry driver eats well is that 'so does the rich Parisian'. A more plausible explanation, surely, is that he eats well because, like any other Frenchman and unlike most Englishmen, he has always eaten well, and because he is genuinely interested in food. The eat-and-drink-better movement may have come too late for the English. It now has to contend with the additional forces of the food industry concerned to make cooking not only easier but superfluous. To the bulk of the population, left cold by culture, cooking is merely another aspect of housework – a drudgery, like washing and cleaning, and like them susceptible to labour-saving devices.

Mr Ray tries hard to provide a plain or casual approach to wine, but somehow the effect is the opposite of that intended. 'A lot of rot is talked about wine', he remarks in the *Compleat Imbiber*, and he is careful to get in first with the Thurber cartoon about the

Bread for the World

Many millions of children will die unnecessarily this year because they are born into communities where poverty perpetuates chronic under-nourishment, over-crowding and ignorance.

For many years the one consistent force pioneering against poverty has been the Christian churches. Today they are working *together* in education, technical training, food-production, medical and welfare services to give to the under-privileged millions their daily bread. You can help them by sending YOUR life-saving donation through

INTER-CHURCH
AID &
REFUGEE SERVICE
(THE BRITISH COUNCIL OF CHURCHES)
10 EATON GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.

presumptuous burgundy. It would be difficult to imagine anything less unself-conscious than this 'bibulous anthology, serious and gay, printed in two colours throughout, and charmingly illustrated and decorated' – a non-book, *pas sérieux*. It has no positive function but should look well on the cocktail-cabinet.

The weirdest piece of flotsam to be thrown up by the new tide is surely *The Passionate Epicure*, a novel which the French permitted to go, and stay, out of print after the first edition, as Mr Durrell notes with ingenuous surprise. The plot is feeble and inconsequential; the hero is boorish; and the long stretches of gastro-pornography induce only tedium. It is sad that the English are invited to be fooled by this tiresome jest, and in such a bad translation. One does better to turn to Mr Hunt's anthology, which at least contains some genuine writing and reminds us, in some of the earlier extracts, that at one time the English were as unaffected as anyone else in their eating and drinking.

COLIN HAYCRAFT

The Gravy Train

Chief Whip. By VISCOUNT CHILSTON. *Routledge*. 45*s*.

And His Charming Lady. By LUCILLE IREMONGER. *Secker & Warburg*. 21*s*.

The office of Chief Whip is at once the most intriguing and elusive of government appointments. Sentenced to a necessary silence, its occupant can normally measure his success by the lack of stir that he makes. His miracles are performed before no multitudes, his greatest *coups* are usually only effective if word of them never gets out, and even the tools of his trade – roughly the stick and the carrot – must never become visible to ordinary mortals. The extraordinary thing, however, is that almost every parliamentary generation seems to produce its voting virtuoso: anxious only to know his own power, eager never to be caught in any act however brilliant, he usually – Mr Heath notwithstanding – disappears without political trace at the end of his term.

What, then, is the secret of the office? At last perhaps we have the answer. Lord Chilston's life of his grandfather (Aretas Akers-Douglas – successively Chief Whip, First Commissioner of Works and Home Secretary between 1885 and 1906) may well have been designed as a work of family piety, intended to rescue from oblivion a former faithful worker in the Tory vineyard. Yet it is, as it turns out, something very much more than that. By throwing some light on one of the darkest parts of the British political forest Lord Chilston (who devotes three quarters of his book to his grandfather's six years as Chief Whip in Lord Salisbury's government of 1886) can deservedly claim to have written not only an engaging historical narrative but also a work of contemporary political importance.

For, of course, the great myth about British politics is that it is a system that does not work on patronage – that men do what they do without hope of reward or fear of deprivation. It would be hard to find more eloquent witness to the contrary than that contained in this book. The voices of the grateful ('I'm not the sort of chap to forget a good turn . . . hope you will count on me as a good pal in the future'), the cries of the resentful ('I do not think you are behaving well to me . . . I have worked very hard and at great sacrifice for the party'), the careful vetting of the various claims ('it is a strong measure to gain two honours in the same county and in the same year') – at the end it is hard to resist the conclusion that Lloyd George's only sin lay in being found out.

Akers-Douglas certainly needed every weapon in the armoury. Confronted almost immediately after his appointment with the 'Bevanite' challenge of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation, the rest of his time as Chief Whip was spent in trying to make a political reality out of Lord Randolph's dramatic vision of a 'Unionist Party'. It says much for his art, and indeed for his artifice, that for almost 20 years the impossible alliance held together.

As a Chief Whip, however, Akers-Douglas clearly possessed one great advantage. Though in his private life a man of high moral principle, the idea that there could be such things as principles of public policy was patently quite alien to him: as for the notion of a philosophy of politics it would probably have scared him stiff. There are moments, in fact, in Lord Chilston's book (which loyally reflects his grandfather's viewpoint) when the whole British political process seems reduced to a game of model railways. There on the floor are Akers-Douglas and his great confidant, Richard Middleton (the Conservative Party chief agent during the same period), cheerfully and efficiently making the trains go round; and that, it appears, was all there was to it.

Which, to say the least, is a little hard on Mrs Iremonger – who from a feminine touchline tries to present a very different view. *And His Charming Lady* begins (as its title only too ominously suggests) with an unbearably coy essay about being an MP's wife; but having got that off her chest Mrs Iremonger (whose husband is the Conservative member for Ilford North) does go on to offer a serious examination of the role of certain celebrated women in British politics. It is not Mrs Iremonger's fault that petticoats should have had relatively little influence on politics in Britain. And it is perhaps no more than bad luck that Lord Chilston should simultaneously have advanced as 'the key' to his grandfather's career the fact that 'the Chief Whipship, with its total claims on his time and attention and necessitating his almost continual presence in the House of Commons', provided the 'perfect escape' from a difficult wife.

ANTHONY HOWARD

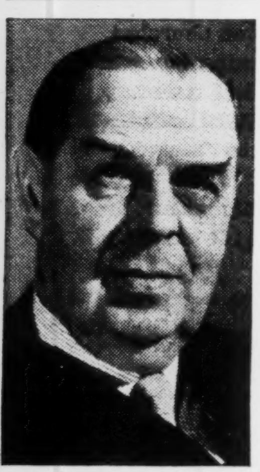
marked in Lond Times

Hunting Me

Citizen-King. The life of Louis-Philippe. By T. E. B. HOWARTH. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 30*s*.

From the start, the July Monarchy had a mortal weakness. There was too much history still walking about for the great Revolution to be forgotten. When Lafayette took over the National Guard in 1830 he resumed the post he held 40 years earlier and almost muffed his role for the second time. Talleyrand, the Monarchy's first ambassador to London, had proposed the confiscation of Church lands in 1789 as Bishop of Autun. The politics of the 1830s were translated into historic language: when Barère, the old terrorist, wanted to describe the young Thiers (who, after all, had been only two years old at *Brumaire*), he summed him up as 'just another Girondin'. Louis-Philippe himself embodied the Revolution. His father, deputy to the States-General and a regicide, had been guillotined. He himself joined the Jacobin Club and fought at Valmy and Jemappes. These were important qualifications for the King of the French (a title which was itself resurrected from the Constitution of 1791). Yet revolutionary myths were dangerous. Rancour and hatred grew out of their rhetoric. Their demands for movement, excitement, for a foreign policy of liberation and prestige, eroded the support of the regime. This would have mattered less had not France been making the first painful adjustments of industrialisation and had her food supply still not been at the mercy of a bad harvest.

Yet the Monarchy lasted 18 years and Louis-Philippe has been too much blamed for its collapse. Mr Howarth's readable biography is an attempt to do him justice, and a successful one. Louis-Philippe was much more than a skilful intriguer with a striking resemblance to a pear. He had real liberal principles, was honest and intelligent. More surprisingly, Mr Howarth reminds us that he was attractive and good company. The product of the educational experiments of Mme de Genlis and of revolution, war and exile had many opportunities to enlarge his sympathies. His misfortunes made him the best-travelled of French kings (he visited Cuba, the United States and Lapland); he had talked to Washington and Danton, was the friend of Dumouriez, and yet managed occasionally to please his Bourbon relations. He spoke the truth when he said *'je me moque absolument de l'étiquette'*, and he sent his sons to the Collège Henri IV, an outrageous act in the eyes of the restoration Court. Above all, he was brave. Mr Howarth records six



A Christmas Message from

THE VISCOUNT
MACKINTOSH OF HALIFAX, D.L., LL.D.

"One of the greatest triumphs of our day has been the increase in the expectation of life. People are now living on an average 20 years longer than they did. A wonderful achievement, but it brings with it responsibilities for the care of more ageing people. It isn't much fun to live longer unless those added years can be lived in reasonable comfort. The Methodist people are in the forefront with their provision of homes for the aged. We shall soon have over 20 homes with accommodation for more than 600 people, but much remains to be done. Please help us—it will make your Christmas happy and ensure for many old people many happy years to come."

The General Secretary, REV. R. J. CONNELL, B.A., B.D., *will be pleased to send you an illustrated brochure.*

METHODIST HOMES FOR THE AGED
1 Central Buildings : Westminster : London, S.W.1.

attempts to kill him; after one, made by a gamekeeper, Louis-Philippe remarked that 'it is only in hunting me that there is no close season', which shows a pleasant spirit.

Age and tiredness are two of the reasons why he at last failed. Another was that he did not know how to be a constitutional king; he shared this failure to understand the principles of constitutional monarchy with most of his subjects. Mr Howarth's suggestion that he was really an Enlightened Despot, on the other hand, goes much too far. Even if his mind was formed by the 18th century, despotism was not his nature. He showed this by refusing to be ruthless enough in 1848, saying, 'I have seen enough blood'. For a man accused of a lack of imagination, this says much, even if he had not sensed how unappealing his regime might be to some Frenchmen. Queen Victoria's common-sense verdict still has much to recommend it:

> The poor King and his Government made many mistakes within the last two years, and were obstinate and totally blind at the last until flight was inevitable. But for *sixteen* years he did a great deal to maintain peace and made France prosperous, which should *not* be forgotten.

JOHN ROBERTS

When I Was a Kid

Stories from the New Yorker: 1950-1960. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Pick of Today's Short Stories 12. Edited by JOHN PUDNEY. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Confessions of a Story-Teller. By PAUL GALLICO. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

Stories from the New Yorker is a frightening book. It isn't only that so many of its American stories are indistinguishable in style, sensibility and mood; it is that these stories, when read in bulk, seem to have issued from a civilisation so joyless that it must be judged to have failed.

The American writer for the *New Yorker* doesn't tell a story or concentrate on a character. He does less, and more. It is as if his function is to satisfy that frustrated curiosity most of us feel when we catch brief glimpses at night from a moving train of lighted back rooms. The rooms are more or less alike; but, suspended in darkness, each is isolated and appears unrelated to any other. So, curiously, are the *New Yorker* interiors. At the centre of each rich, ordered, secure interior – and how often in these stories, in the first page or two, apartments are carefully described and family relationships elucidated – there is a man, the *New Yorker* hero – the hero of John Cheever's story, say – who, though in 'his element, his creation', is afflicted by a sense of loss, by 'the strenuousness of containing his physicalness within the patterns he had chosen', finds that life is not as 'sweet and bawdy and dark' as it should be, and is mourning for he knows not what. Robert Henderson writes:

> It seemed to Martin that he and Ellen were standing there alone in a small pocket of light and comfort encircled and crowded by loss – not his loss of her, or hers of him, but all loss, all ending

The same hero, the same sadness and, in spite of the editors' statement that duplication of theme has been avoided, the same story: man trapped in his society, where 'you're thirty-three . . . and you're an old man', where 'so much energy is spent in perpetuating the place', where the noise of the vacuum cleaner is like 'the sad song of a mechanical universe'. Every story finds its hero at a moment of bitter realisation, which leads to a temporary and ineffectual revolt. In the story by Robert Coates the man who climbs to the top of the water tower and seems to the watching crowd to be about to jump achieves a moment of true power; but he climbs down again, and even as he does so 'he lost purpose, he lost importance'.

There remains the past, to be cherished and mourned: the first baby (as in Nancy Hale's story); the first marriage (as in St Clair McKelway's: 'When other people got into my life later on, it wasn't the life I had then that they were getting into. That life had moved on'); first romance, youth, childhood. How often the *New Yorker* story begins: 'At the age of five', 'When I was a kid', 'One night 20 years ago'. It isn't incidents that are recalled so much as key moments. In the John Updike story it is the moment of adulthood, 'the moment . . . of which every following moment was a slight diminution'. In the story by Arturo Vivante it is the moment when an idyll was unfulfilled: 'For years I waited for another such setting and partner. They never came . . . Never again would love present itself so tempting and fair.' And so it goes on: the interior revealed, the past summoned, and always with that sense of loss and barrenness and melancholy which underlies the work of Thurber and even De Vries. Birth, mating and death: they seem to be as grotesquely magnified for the *New Yorker* hero, in his machine-age prison of apartment, subway and office, as they were for primitive man. Civilisation has come full circle. Soothing ritual has been replaced by the psychiatrist's couch – no joke in these stories – and sadness. Perhaps this explains the American sentiment which is often like sentimentality, the bar-room philosophising which disfigures even the work of a writer like Salinger, represented here by a very long and very long-winded story, the least well constructed in the collection.

Inevitably one tires of the *New Yorker* mood and is without the energy to enter yet another interior and study its unsatisfactory relationships. And one feels grateful for anything that represents a change, especially for the zest and individuality of the non-Americans: the exquisite, bumbling soliloquy of a V. S. Pritchett old man, obsessed with food and memories and memories of food; the mercilessness of Penelope Mortimer's 11-page life story of a clerical failure.

The facetious biographies ('If I don't write I get ill: migraine, asthma, etc.') give a clue to the amateurish quality of *Pick of Today's Short Stories*. The mood here is Christmassy, and feeble fantasy the predictable aberration. The book is rescued only by the contributions of the 'names', which, in a collection of this sort, is a little disappointing. Best is Nigel Dennis's story of the opposed lives of two Siamese twins, which is really a study of English 'niceness', inverted and contorted and logical and funny.

'Naturally it was my ambition to sell to the slicks.' Paul Gallico is as frank as that. *Confessions of a Story-Teller* is made up of an autobiographical preface and a number of stories sold to the slicks, each story with its explanatory preamble. I preferred the preambles. There is an interesting story about a beautiful crippled girl called Mary who makes beautiful dolls. Mary is kept a virtual prisoner by her wicked cousin who sells the dolls and makes a lot of money. The young doctor understands Mary's problem right away. 'She took away *your children*! Oh, yes, they were

The RUSSIA TODAY BOOK CLUB

offers

ADVENTURES IN BUKHARA BY LEONID SOLOVYEV 256 pp. 4s.

Members who have read "The Enchanted Prince" will enjoy meeting Khoja Nasreddin once again. His hilarious adventures, impudence and ingenuity must surely entertain all.

THE SMALL FARM IN THE STEPPE BY VALENTIN KATAYEV 286 pp. 4s.

Katayev became a firm favourite with young readers with his "White Sail Gleams", the book of the delightful film. "Squaring the Circle" was another favourite by the same author.

SHIPTIMBER GROVE BY MIKHAIL PRISHVIN 192 pp. 4s.

Prishvin's book, "Nature's Diary" was a great favourite among Book Club members. He tramped thousands of miles through the wilder regions of Russia and was greatly concerned with the wild-life and folk tradition of their areas. This book is a delightful story of the adventures of two children in search of their father in the timberlands. (Limited stocks.)

Two Supplementaries:

OLD GENIE HOTTABYCH BY LAZAR LAGIN 310 pp. 4s.

For 10-14-year-olders. An up-to-date 'version' of the "Arabian Nights"; the Genie of the Lamp finds much to marvel about in his adventures with a Soviet boy.

IVAN-THE-NOT-SO-TERRIBLE BY ARCHIE JOHNSTONE 164 pp. 3s.

This popular collection of vividly-written articles on 'The Soviet-Man-in-the-Street', published a few years ago by the B.S.F.S., is still very readable—plenty of humour and very human.

ALL FIVE BOOKS ABOVE WILL BE DESPATCHED
WITHIN TWO WEEKS OF RECEIPT OF ORDER

The above books are available to members of the RUSSIA TODAY BOOK CLUB only. Orders must be accompanied by the annual membership subscription, 2s. 6d.

A special reduced subscription rate of 10s. p.a. for the Soviet literary review "SOVIET LITERATURE" is available to R.T.B.C. members. Enclose your sub. with your order for books.

Address your membership application, order for books etc., to

RTBC,
36, Spencer Street, London, E.C.1

your children, Mary, those enchanted creatures you created . . . I am a man telling you that I love you.' 'Love me? But I am a cripple.' 'In a year I will have you walking.' And, indeed, she does walk. Four 'important and high-paying' American magazines declined this story, and Mr Gallico's agent could only place it with a 'British woman's magazine with enormous circulation'. 'Does this mean,' Mr Gallico then asks, 'that the British audience is more adult than the American?'

V. S. NAIPAUL

Persistent Believers

Religion in the Soviet Union. By WALTER KOLARZ. *Macmillan.* 50*s*.

God and the Soviets. By CONSTANTIN DE GRUNWALD. *Hutchinson.* 30*s*.

Once upon a time no one was considered an objective writer on the Soviet Union who did not confine himself to the information which official Soviet sources reveal. This curious fashion is now a thing of the past – it suffered from the inconvenience that scholars had to keep sending out for the latest editions of the newspapers to discover what new horror the current Soviet leaders had chosen to divulge about their former colleagues. Mr Kolarz in his monumental study certainly makes full use of Soviet sources. He also draws on non-Soviet sources and uses his great learning to present a full and balanced account both of the Orthodox Church and of Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Buddhists, Muslims and the indigenous Russian dissenting sects.

What, in fact, are the tests of objectivity for such a study? Mr Kolarz is a Catholic, and makes no bones about the fact that he regards religious belief and practice as morally superior to militant atheism and religious persecution, or about his faith that religion will outlive communism. Whether one agrees or disagrees, there is nothing in this of itself which is inconsistent with scholarly objectivity.

The questions which the reader is entitled to put are these. Is the author dispassionate about the different denominations? Does he show an imaginative understanding of the problem facing an avowedly materialistic atheist government which has to deal with a stubborn religious survival? Does he recognise cases when the government has really been faced with activity directed against the security of the regime? All these questions can be answered without qualification in the affirmative. Indeed that chapter alone dealing with the absorption of the Uniates by the Orthodox Church proves how fairly a Catholic can write about such a theme. I have no doubt that Mr Kolarz's study will remain the standard work on the subject for years to come, and it is gratifying to think that one of the best books in the field of scholarship on the Soviet Union in English has been produced on this side of the Atlantic.

When Marx observed that religion was the opium of the people, he did not suggest that people should be deprived of their opium, but rather that their condition should be improved until it was unnecessary for them to use the drug. Since Lenin, bolshevik policy has been to wage war on religion: the methods have varied, the determination has not. The party has at different times tried direct persecution, indirect persecution in the form of arrests for speculation or immorality, penetration by setting up fake rival churches, 'scientific' propaganda and crude propaganda. After the war a policy of compromise initiated by Stalin was pursued: the religious bodies were granted various degrees of precarious toleration in return for their services in supporting the government's peace campaigns and the like, or their utility as a show window for external propaganda. None of these methods of destroying religion has proved effective, though Stalin's policy has perhaps proved most damaging.

There can be no statistics of believers in the Soviet Union today – though reliable evidence indicates that more than half the adult population described themselves as believers in 1937 and there is no reason to suppose that the number has decreased. But it is not a matter of numbers. The fate of religion in Soviet Russia is fascinating from two points of view. One is the tenacity with which a religious body can survive in the face of all efforts directed against it as compared, say, with a political party. The mensheviks and socialist revolutionaries, for example, have long disappeared virtually without trace. The other is the significance of this survival for the future. The existence within a totalitarian society of communities and institutions which the party can penetrate but cannot, apparently, fully control is a question of considerable importance to the student of politics – and of even greater importance, of course, to the Soviet authorities.

Mr de Grunwald's book is the result of a long stay in the Soviet Union during 1960. His opinions are the result of many conversations with Soviet believers and atheists – not unmingled, perhaps, with that nationalist optimism to which émigrés are prone. He concludes that a synthesis will be evolved between communism and Christianity. Mr Kolarz, more wisely perhaps, attempts no prophecy.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE BLIND

We cannot give the Blind sight but we can and do help them in so many ways. Our Benevolent and Pensions Fund is bringing comfort to a large number of elderly blind persons in England and Wales. We also have Homes and Hostels, Workshops and Welfare Services to maintain.

LEGACIES AND DONATIONS WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED AND WISELY APPLIED

Annual Report gladly sent on request.

LONDON ASSOCIATION FOR THE BLIND

(Founded 1857)

PELICAN HOUSE, DEPT. NS. 88/92
PECKHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.E.15

(Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act 1948)

Sasha Saved

Diary of a Russian Schoolteacher. By F. VIGDOROVA. Translated by Rose Prokofieva. *Grove Press.* 25*s*.

Tomorrow Will Come. By E. M. ALMEDINGEN. *Bodley Head.* 21*s*.

Pigtails and Pernod. By SIMONA PAKENHAM. *Macmillan.* 21*s*.

In France It Was Spring. By IDA TREAT. *Faber.* 18*s*.

Of these four autobiographical books by women, the first is remarkable and also most depressing. Reading it is very hard work, but for anyone who isn't a subscriber to *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* where it originated, it provides a unique insight into the average 'good' mind in a totally conformist society. Marina Nikolayevna (the author's chosen persona) is a 22-year-old teacher in a Moscow school just after the war. She teaches Class 4C – 40 boys, aged about 12. With a mixture of homily and anecdote she reviews the excitements and difficulties of a couple of years in a Soviet teacher's life. The Russian folk tale has a long history of debasement after Pushkin. Krushchev debases it to explain his realpolitik. Miss Vigdorova debases it to explain to her pupils what the State requires.

The life she describes has 'togetherness' such as our organisation men can never have dreamed of. These Russian schoolboys discover that their world is full of inescapable precedents. Like a Soviet Samuel Smiles, but without his veiled opportunism, Miss Vigdorova pours forth reasons for acting well. Sasha and Vasya Vorobeiko will not work in class – they steal apples – they are thoroughly delinquent. Marina Nikolayevna recalls an episode from a favourite book, *The Road to Life* by a wise and distinguished fellow teacher. The Vorobeikos must discover the joys of participation. Sasha is persuaded to take a part in a school play and overnight becomes a model pupil. But then, as Marina Nikolayevna knows, the lives of Soviet heroes and the teachings of Soviet writers provide the answers to all quandaries. One boy after another learns not to be selfish, not to cheat in class, not to be proud of high marks unless the whole class has done well. I don't know what a teacher in an English Comprehensive School would make of Marina Nikolayevna's but I would not agree with the American who writes in the introduction that this book is 'an important contribution to International Understanding'. However uncosy our thoughts about Russia, the cosiness of Miss Vigdorova's writing will not reassure us.

In *Tomorrow Will Come* there are Russians not yet conditioned to Miss Vigdorova's terrifying conformism. E. M. Almedingen's book is a grim account of her upbringing in St Petersburg/Petrograd. Although she regarded her escape to England in 1924 as a deliverance, she is not really a White Russian (a disappearing breed even in 1939 when this book was originally published). She does not pretend to be neutral, but she manages to be fair. She hates Communism but she remembers the Czarist days too well to regret more than a few private losses. Chief among these is St Petersburg itself as she knew it in her childhood – a marvellous white city where every language besides Russian was spoken and where no pan-Slav felt at home.

The two remaining books are about France – seen by English-speaking residents. Miss Pakenham's is much the better and nobody should be put off by the title. Despite some figures from English autobiographical stock – eccentric Great-Uncles, disappointed Edwardian beauties turned librarians, embattled colonels – it is the *Dieppois* themselves who hold the stage. Dieppe life between the wars was a tribute to the rational seriousness of the French. How unlike our chic image of them they turn out to be. They like to play if not to listen to Brahms, they are as fond of gardens as they are of food, they are fastidious about their behaviour in the street. Miss Pakenham was lucky to grow up in Dieppe in those pre-war, pre-Bardot days when the Casino orchestra was still conducted by Pierre Monteux.

Ida Treat's France is pleasantly solid too. But quite early on she introduces two of the abiding menaces of Francophile writing, *Maman* and *pauvre Papa*. Gascony and the Pyrenees are seen by an American married to a *sportif* Frenchman (more rational in his plans to kill fish, birds and deer than an Anglo-Saxon would be).

PETER PORTER

Europe on the Coffee-Table

Great Houses of Europe. Edited by SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 90s.*

Art and Architecture in Europe. By ANTONIN MATEJCEK. Translated by Till Gottheimer. *Batchworth Press. 50s.*

Regency Furniture: 1800 to 1830. By CLIFFORD MUSGRAVE. *Faber. 63s.*

The Architecture of Sir John Soane. By DOROTHY STROUD. *Studio Books. 70s.*

The most disappointing thing about coffee-table literature is that it so rarely disappoints you. The moment you see one of these grandiose tomes left negligently open at some carefully selected over-ripe colour-plate, you not only know what sort of affluent household of instant culture you are in, but you can predict the prose style of the text facing the picture, redolent with erudition hurriedly mugged up at the Victoria and Albert library, dripping with the names of dukes, cardinals, connoisseurs and *villes d'art,* thus: 'As he drives east from Milan, or crosses the Adige from the south at Rovigo, the observant traveller is at once conscious . . .' or 'Thanks to Beijer, the Drottningholm theatre is again filled with talk and laughter, with music and poetry. By a strange coincidence, Jacques Mauclair's company from the Theatre de l'Athène . . .' or '. . . the title of Duke of Liria was given as a Spanish honour by Philip V of Spain to the Duke of Berwick, illegitimate son of King James II of England by Arabella Churchill . . .'

And so on. These are three quotations picked virtually at random from *Great Houses of Europe* and they give a pretty fair picture of the agenbite of soft-centred aristocratic nostalgia that chills even the most lush colour-plate when you settle down to try and read the text. The plates, I willingly allow, are knock-outs, but it is too much to hope, of course, that they will ever add up to a comprehensive or comprehensible description of the house they affect to describe, and plans are in short supply. The book represents a nadir in the corruption of pictorial publishing by expense-account present-giving (public relations at executive level are supposed to constitute about 60 per cent of the market for this kind of book on the Continent).

But, besides the plates, *Great Houses* has one quite unexpected and refreshing virtue, which comes, I suppose, as a collateral benefit of having a Sitwell in the act – its view of Europe does not stop at the Oder, but goes on into Poland and Russia, and even though (inevitably) it has to fly Rasputin's name in the subtitle to the chapter on the Yousoupoff Palace, there is a breadth in its concept of Europe which is increasingly missing in Western Europe today. The extent to which the other half is Europe still, is stressed, quite independently, by Matejcek's two-hundred-century survey *Art and Architecture in Europe*. To think of this book as 'an Iron-curtain Gombrich' is to note its most remarkable aspect. It suffers, in comparison with Gombrich's *Story of Art,* from a dry and schoolmasterish tone (which may be the translator's) and from a certain diffuseness, but for most of the way (and 20,000 years is a *long* way) it traverses exactly the same ground as Gombrich, and calls attention to the same men and the same tendencies.

If there is a difference, it is not between East and West, but between Insular and Continental – I cannot conceive that Gombrich, discussing the state of architecture *um 1900,* would mention Baillie-Scott and pass over Mackintosh, as Matejcek does. But then, Baillie-Scott worked on the Continent and Mackintosh did not. It used to be the case that this kind of goof was made from the English rather than the Continental end, but three decades of brain-washing by refugee art-historians from Germany and Central Europe have cured us of that. The Continental connection is often seen today as the most instructive aspect of a British work of art; we have begun to use the term *rococo* for that disorderly phase in our architecture around the middle of the 18th century, emphasising the international aspect of what often seems superficially the most English of periods, and we take more and more pleasure in pointing to Britain's part in an International Neoclassical movement at the end of that century, even during the most jingoistic phase of the Napoleonic wars.

This is something that an historian no longer has to raise his voice over: Clifford Musgrave grants as a matter of accepted fact that the origins of his subject matter in *Regency Furniture* lie not only in Whig Francophilia, but in actual pieces of French furniture brought to England after the Revolution, or that Thomas Hope, who managed to get some real classical discipline into the subject, was a man of thoroughly international culture, and that a fresh wave of Francophile influence invaded furniture design when the *Receuil* of Percier and Fontaine became available after 1812. And yet the international Neoclassical point is best made by one of his illustrations – a drawing room stool, in Hope's most Grecian manner, that almost exactly anticipates the so-called 'Barcelona' stool by that last great European neoclassicist, Mies van der Rohe.

And it is Mies van der Rohe's brightest follower, Philip Johnson, who has given the final fillip to the reputation of Hope's senior contemporary, Sir John Soane, and that reputation is now international property largely due to the activities of Philip Johnson's guide and mentor, Professor Hitchcock, who contributed the introduction to Dorothy Stroud's new book on Soane. I am not sure if all this points to the persistence and magnitude of a Neoclassical tradition, or merely proves what a small world architectural historiography can be. But what must be said, here and now, is that *The Architecture of Sir John Soane* is an extremely important book, and a far better book than its coffee-table air would suggest. Unlike the earlier Studio book in the same format on Nash, which was real coffee-table stuff, this is a full-dress scholarly study (in all but length) complete with a *catalogue raisonné* of the master's output, and a serious attempt by Professor Hitchcock to disentangle the English and European contents of Soane's style, the local and international significances of this architect, at once very professional and very introverted, who has been described as 'too good to be English'.

Soane flourished in the age of Nash, but even had he had contemporaries less showy, it is still to be doubted that he would have given his name to his period, any more than did his rather similar French contemporary, Ledoux. Somehow, all the great Neoclassicists were out of sympathy with their own compatriots, and tended to live in an invisible republic of ideal forms and antique authority. Thorwaldsen, Flaxman, Canova; Schinkel, Soane, Ledoux . . . they inhabited a Europe of the intellect whose capital was Rome, whose founder was Winckelmann, whose frontiers were as far away as Washington and St Petersburg, but which never quite came true on the ground. But, in a sense, it was the last united Europe, and this may be one of the factors that gives a perennial fascination to the work of Soane, that Europe's ambassador in London.

REYNER BANHAM

In its December issue
Universities Quarterly publishes
a symposium entitled
The Study of Universities.
Articles include The Need for
Disciplined Enquiry, Living and
Learning at Redbrick, A Survey
of Students of Science and
Technology, and Expansion
and The Collegiate Ideal.

Among other articles are:
Our Contracting Universities;
Science Curricula; General
Linguistics; Mass Civilisation
and Adult Education.

Universities Quarterly

7s. 6d. a copy, 30s. a year from
TURNSTILE PRESS
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Canonical Chekhov

V. S. PRITCHETT

The curse of London productions of *The Cherry Orchard* is the audience. A good third of those who guffawed at Gaev when that human scent-spray gave another squirt of incurable reminiscence in the last act of Michel Saint-Denis' production at the Aldwych – 'I remember when I was six years old sitting in that window on Trinity Day watching my father going to church' – a good third had no idea that Chekhov and his Russians are not stage English eccentrics. Of course, Chekhov's Russians are terribly upper-class English on the surface: English, that is to say, after a couple of gins, bored, eccentric, given to inconsequent moral soliloquy. But Chekhov's comedy is not based on our kind of sociable caricature or on our notions of character as an efficient agent in dramatic action. Like a great many, perhaps all Russian writers, Chekhov caught people at the point of idleness and inertia, in their timeless, undramatic moments, when the inner life exposes itself unguardedly in speech. He caught people in their solitude.

The comedy of Chekhov lies in the collisions of these solitudes. That is why, despite Stanislavsky and the Moscow Arts Theatre, Chekhov insisted that his plays were not dramas, not tragedies, but comedies and even farces. The tragedy, if there was one, lay in the very fact of farce; and the farce existed because it displayed people speaking innocently out of their own natures: the gigantic Pishchik believes he is descended from Caligula's horse; he calls out, astonished at himself, in the middle of a dance that he has had two strokes; he cries like a baby when he says goodbye to his friends. He is acting out his inner life. It is at once farcical and sad that a man has an inner life.

We shall misunderstand Chekhov if we do not grant him this starting point. It is anterior to the socially conscious Chekhov who is now canonical, and whom we saw in the Moscow Arts Production of 1958, and see again in Michel Saint-Denis' new production. In both versions Lopahin, the ex-peasant and self-made businessman who buys the cherry orchard, and Trofimov, the eternal student, are given their dignity as positive voices among the tears and chatter of the drifters. This restores to Chekhov his hard core and his wiry integrity as an artist and a man. Chekhov disliked politics because he found speeches empty. He believed in work. He valued it when it was lonely. The decisive moral moments in *The Cherry Orchard* are not in the lyrical outbursts about the glorious future, the new life and so on: Chekhov is too much of a realist to be taken in by rhetoric. The dramatic moral moments occur (i) when Lopahin buys the estate for an enormous sum as a shrewd yet emotional speculation – by this act he has achieved a freedom rather than property; (ii) when Trofimov refuses Lopahin's offer of money for his fare to Moscow. Trofimov has worked alone and he has *earned* his money.

Lopahin (George Murcell) and Trofimov (Ian Holm) are to be taken seriously, but no less than the other characters they split into two selves, an inner and outer, who are in clownish collision. Both men are distressed by their very virtues. Ian Holm is the best Trofimov I have ever seen, because he was able to distinguish, as Chekhov showed him, between the rapturous and oppressive Russian sense of the Future and that sense of a real future which means the will to take the next step – and to be both a butt and a ludicrous prig along with it.

So far, so Russian. The rest of Michel Saint-Denis' production is hard and on edge. I prefer the fidelity of the Moscow Arts Theatre's respectable museum piece to Abd'Elkader Farrah's Babylonish set. Dame Peggy Ashcroft is made to play Madame Ranevsky as a rattled English lady, Edwardian to the finger-tips. The detail of her performance is astonishing. There was such a variety of tears, such a flutter of small feelings. She was an encyclopaedia of the unteachable and the shallow. All this was displayed in what looked like some peeling hotel in Torquay, not a childhood home on the steppe. In the Second Act one saw the broken rustic seats of a decayed bourgeois resort, not the happy desuetude of the countryside. And in the final Act the sound of the woodman's axe was more like the clatter of a demolition company's bulldozer. The minor characters seem to have been told to behave as if they knew they were funny, which is not what Chekhov meant by farce. This was fatal in the case of Roy Doctrice, for the whole frame of the play was in his hands: Firs ought to have the frail and blasting dignity and clarity of one who, at 87, is the man who has seen all. He is Time itself.

The First Act passed off beautifully. It was lovely to watch the players. The tears rose to our eyes and Dame Peggy Ashcroft brought the whole life of an impulsive, shallow, tiresome and feckless woman to the scene. She was nervous and changeable. When she fought back in the speech that derides Trofimov for his chastity and his failure to understand that to love may be to have a genius for unhappiness, she showed great resource. She is an actress in whom intelligence, irritability and sensibility nag – but with great art. When one is almost to be driven mad, she turns and charms. But she is really too cool, too much of a piece – and that is the general fault of Michel Saint-Denis' production. The real Mme Ranevsky, as the Russians showed us, was a warm, lethargic, sentimental muddler and fundamentally childish, an obvious provincial in Paris. It is not dottiness or caprice that makes the real Mme Ranevsky give a gold coin to a beggar, but sheer indolence: one can guess that simply because Chekhov hated indolence. Dame Peggy Ashcroft's extremely accomplished performance actually makes the play tinny; and this is less her fault than the chronic fault of Western productions. Upper-class Russians are always played as if they were characters from Turgenev, who had already established a highly Western model for Russian types. Chekhov was much lower class.

One sees this again in Gielgud's Gaev. This portrait is a brilliant miniature, fastidious down to the very movement of the fingers as he slips his caramels into his mouth. There never was such a Frenchified Russian. Gielgud's Gaev is so buttoned up that his very compulsion to say 'Cannon off the white into the pocket' and so on is accompanied by only tiny movements of the cue arm as if he were playing on a miniature table. Obsession could not be more secretive and polite. No doubt that is perfect; the perfection itself raises doubts. One is waiting - and Chekhov was serious in his stress on the necessity for farce – for just one longer stroke of the imaginary cue, for just one glaring and self-betraying example of Gaev's gift for irrelevance. He was born *passé* and correct; he is just the man to make a confidence suddenly unbecoming and vulgar – the lines, for example, about his sister being an immoral woman. But, in his turn, Gielgud pointed his quality as an actor when he came back from the auction and walked through the agonised appeals for news, with a fastidiousness that was sublime because it was so disgraceful. To be able to hush an audience by such a delicate handling of an open act of moral cowardice is masterly. He seemed physically to dwindle.

At the beginning of Act Three, when the music is playing in the inner drawing-room, when the couples come running out and Charlotta does her grotesque conjuring tricks, one ought to be in tears for one knows that almost every heart is broken. I was as dry as a stone. In place of feeling one was given action, pace and larks, and since the dialogue is at odds with such a conception the play went to pieces. From time to time Varya (Dorothy Tutin) had been letting out monotonous hoots of melancholy; soon the whole cast fell to shouting. If only Miss Tutin in particular had had some sense of the varieties and modulations of hurt. Yasha (David Buck) grossly overplayed his impertinence. Only Charlotta (Patience Collier) the governess, protected by the caricature that Chekhov had imposed upon her, kept her head and tone. The fact is that in opting against mood and unromantically stressing the dramatic or moral purpose, Michel Saint-Denis had us baffled. The harmony and excitement of the First Act was never recovered. We did not care about the cherry orchard, for the old servant could only mumble when he was left in the locked house; Mme Ranevsky, the scatterbrain, had already forgotten it all – we were sure - by the time she got into the train. And young Trofimov and his touching Anya were not, we knew, going to get their new world for a very long time. They were heading, unknown to themselves and to Chekhov, for the disaster of the revolution of 1905. But Chekhov, warier than those who build on his social indignations, had applied his mind strictly to the human heart, the sadness of time passing and our variance with our own natures.

What It Was Like

It was like the approach of flame
treading the tinder, a fleet
cascade of it taking tree-toll,
halting below the hill and then
covering the corn-field's dryness
in an effortless crescendo. One heard
in the pause of the receding silence
the whole house grow
tense through its ties, the beams
brace beneath pan-tiles
for the coming burst. It came
and went. The blinded pane
emerged from the rainsheet
to an after-water world,
its green confusion brought
closer greener. The baptism
of the shining house was done
and it was like the calm
a church aisle harbours
tasting of incense, space and stone.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

Exhibitionitis

DAVID SYLVESTER

Though critics may feel – unless they have an insatiable thirst for free drink – that the number of dealers' galleries in London has got out of hand (there are nearly 100 now), the number is not in fact excessive. The proof of this is the galleries' continued solvency. Certainly, members of the art public have time for only a small fraction of the exhibitions that are staged, but this evidently doesn't matter to the galleries because, if it did, they woudn't keep opening hours which make them, for most people, very difficult to visit: how many stay open all day Saturday, let alone after 5.30 on weekday evenings? What matters to them is that their regular customers should visit them, because the whole organisation of dealers' galleries is geared to the relationship between the individual dealer and those collectors who have confidence in him. There have been occasions when the press has 'made' an exhibition financially (earlier this year a big advance splash for a show in a Sunday newspaper had buyers queueing at the gallery's doorstep before it opened). But by and large it is the dealer's backing of an artist that sells him to collectors – until such time as his reputation in the world has grown big enough to provide its own momentum.

The trouble with the system is that too many of the dealers cash in on fashion rather than try and lead it. Consequently, a mediocre artist working in a fashionable style has more chance of getting a one-man show than a gifted artist working in an unfashionable style. This is why, although the present plethora of galleries produces, inevitably, a lot of worthless exhibitions, there are several good artists around – some of them represented in public collections – who can't get an exhibition. So it might be said that, so far from there being too many dealers' galleries, there are too few. What is sure is that an institution like the London Group's annual exhibition deserves all possible public support, for two reasons: fashion is less dominant than in the dealers' galleries; and a public unable to keep up with what is happening at the dealers' galleries has an opportunity here to get a rounded view of what is going on.

Where we *are* getting too many exhibitions nowadays is in the field of official exhibitions. Here the attendance figures do matter, since the purpose of these exhibitions is to be seen – and seen again and again, if a big-scale official show is worth putting on at all. I gather that attendances at several such shows recently have been disappointing, and this is scarcely surprising. There are so many of them that the public hasn't adequate time for them all. One feels that organisations which run them, especially the Arts Council, do not ask themselves exactingly enough whether an exhibition is really necessary. One also wonders whether, by dispensing money and energy on numbers of exhibitions, these organisations don't lessen their chances of staging really worthwhile shows.

It seems to me that two kinds of official exhibition really are worthwhile: the full-scale retrospective of an important master, and the anthology that is based on a valid theme and not on a pretext. However well we think we know an artist, we don't know him until we've seen a representative selection of his works hanging together. All the risks of having works of art travel to loan exhibitions – and they are greater than is readily admitted – are justified by the gain in knowledge and understanding of an artist which can be achieved only by seeing him whole. But a retrospective which is not truly representative – and we have had too many of these – is more of a loss than a gain. By the same token, an anthology-type exhibition entails more risk and trouble than it's worth if it doesn't *mean* something, is merely an agglomeration of objects. There was a time when the simple opportunity of seeing works of art on any pretext had a value, but now that travel abroad is a commonplace, there's no need to bring masterpieces here just because they are masterpieces. What is needed are more shows analogous to the recent one of Italian Renaissance bronzes. And they're needed above all in the field of modern art: we could do, for example, with a great exhibition of Cubism or of early abstract art. What we don't greatly need is to see somebody's private collection.

We need this least of all, perhaps, when it displaces, as has happened twice this year, more important masterpieces from the permanent collection of the National Gallery. It's quite fantastic that works by Masaccio, Piero, etc. should be relegated to the cellars so that a loan exhibition can be accommodated. Space for temporary shows is notoriously lacking in London, yet couldn't the Arts Council have come to some arrangement with the Royal Academy? But perhaps the National Gallery was positively anxious to house these temporary exhibitions because of their publicity value? It is a fact that the number of visitors to the permanent collections at the National Gallery and the Tate is increased when they are staging a 'special attraction'. And it's a fact that most of the people who go to the big temporary exhibitions hardly bother to explore the permanent collections of our museums. One reason could be that, with so many loan exhibitions to see, there isn't time. Another could be a simple neglect of what is most easily accessible. And much of the thought and work which goes into manufacturing exhibitions could profitably be diverted towards persuading the public to visit their permanent collections.

Misjudged

JOHN COLEMAN

Trials only intermittently lend themselves to truth, in the decent, everyday sense, and Stanley Kramer's *Judgment at Nuremberg* (Leicester Square) inevitably dilutes the high seriousness of its intentions by basing the better part of its argument on the hysteria of the court-room. Our modern horrors are intractable, anyway: I was repelled by *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* for all its finesse and I have yet to see a film drawing on the mass extermination of the Jews which has found a way of using the filthy reality. Here four German judges, one of them a jurist of international renown, are charged with crimes against humanity; it is 1948 and will soon be time, in the teeth of the Russian blockade, for an expedient clemency towards the conquered; a superannuated American judge (Spencer Tracy) arrives from Maine. At one moment, the prosecuting counsel (Richard Widmark) projects some clips of Belsen on the court-room wall – abandoned mountains of spectacles, shoes, hair, gold fillings, a bulldozer shovelling at corpses as if they were a heap of blanched roots; and the film never

HELP US TO SAVE THIS LITTLE CHAP

from cruel treatment

THE LEAGUE AGAINST CRUEL SPORTS

is the leading society which campaigns for better treatment for wild animals

The League maintains two Animal Sanctuaries on Exmoor for protection of wild deer.

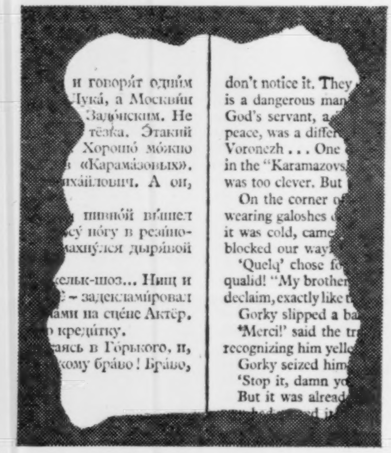
The League welcomes donations, legacies, or gifts of land from persons desirous of establishing or assisting the establishment of sanctuaries to protect and conserve British wild animal life.

Your help and donations are invited

THE LEAGUE AGAINST CRUEL SPORTS

(Dept. NS), 58 MADDOX ST, LONDON, W1. Telephone MAYfair 5538

Russian Readings



и говоря́т одни́м
Лука́, а Москви́н
Залы́нским. Не
тёзка. Этакий
Хорошо́ мо́жно
в «Карама́зовых».
ихайлович. А он,
пивно́й вы́шел
сý но́гу в рези́но-
махну́лся дыря́вой
ельк-шоз... Нищ и
– задеклами́ровал
ами на сце́не Актёр.
кредитку.
аясь в Го́рького, и,
кому бра́во! Бра́во,

don't notice it. They
is a dangerous man
God's servant, a
peace, was a differ
Voronezh . . . One
in the "Karamazovs
was too clever. But
On the corner o
wearing galoshes
it was cold, came
blocked our way
'Quelq' chose fo
qualid! "My brother
declaim, exactly like
Gorky slipped a ba
'Merci!' said the tr
recognizing him yell
Gorky seized him
'Stop it, damn yo
But it was alread

– selected prose passages from famous Russian authors – for use with a new series of BBC broadcasts

Selected passages from the works of celebrated Russian writers — Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Pushkin, to name but three — are the subject of a new BBC publication, *Russian Readings*. Prepared for use with a new series of Russian language broadcasts which begin in Network Three on January 2, this book is suitable for students at all levels.

The prose extracts are printed with translations on opposite pages, and at the end of the book are brief biographical and textual notes.

Russian Readings gives readers an insight into Russian thought and attitudes as revealed in the literature of the time, and will provide encouragement to further, wider reading.

NOW AVAILABLE

Obtainable through newsagents and booksellers or direct from BBC Publications. **7s. 6d.**

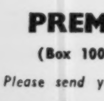
BBC Publications,
35 Marylebone High Street,
London, W.1.

FAMILY PLANNING
Confidential Postal Service
FREE BOOK

Write for our free booklet explaining all modern methods of Family Planning. Sent post free and under plain cover with details of our Confidential Postal Service.

PREMIER LABORATORIES
(Box 100) 333 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

Please send your free booklet under plain, sealed cover



NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
....
....

quite recovers. Everything that is box-office and redundant in it (Marlene Dietrich singing a snatch of 'Lili Marlene'; Burt Lancaster stoically over-parted as Ernst Janning, the famous jurist; a rawly theatrical scene as the prisoners exercise; and some irrelevant circlings and lunges of the camera round and at witnesses) is suddenly forced into cruel relief. One has been made too aware of the immensity of the issues not to register the inadequacy of the art confronting them.

And yet this is a distinguished film, rancorous, but in some ways brave. Mr Kramer likes 'big' subjects – colour bar, end of the world, Darwinism *v.* the Fundamentalists – and good things are said and done, things he is one of the few on the present Hollywood scene to provide, even in his most resounding failures. *Judgment at Nuremberg* has a handful of unusually fine performances: Maximilian Schell as the devious young debonair smiler who conducts the defence; Tracy, clenching and unclenching the soft corrugations of his face, old Mr Integrity himself and a boon to this film; Judy Garland, wanly blowzy, as a relic of the race pollution laws. But the one heartrending actor's moment of the trial is Montgomery Clift's: as the nervy, simple-minded victim of sterilisation, he expressed a whole world of inarticulate degradation – a fantastic piece of art, to set in company with those numbing newsreel shots. I came out remembering him and loathing the Germans, an unsatisfactory state of affairs after three hours of cinema.

The Young Ones (Warner) cracks off exuberantly with a dancer singing high on the scaffolding of a building site, watches him swing and slide down, picks up others knocking off work and chanting the odd line, splits the screen into six or so shaving, showering boys and girls, and dumps them all – a mite disappointingly – at their youth club dance; a continuous choreographic number – and thank you very much, *On the Town*. Directed by a Canadian, Sidney Furie, photographed with exhilarating craft by Douglas Slocombe (*Kind Hearts and Coronets*, among others), and revolving round that bland bombshell, Cliff Richard, this is the first British musical I've seen to have outpaced the native sophistication of the Folderols. The fact that our teenagers now look very like American teenagers has probably eased our entry, at last, into this pleasant transatlantic art-form. The story leans, with unwarranted confidence, on familiar elements. The kids will lose their club to a tight-fisted property millionaire (Robert Morley) unless they can raise £1,500: they take over the Finsbury Park Empire and stage a show. All ends well for them and badly for us, in some nerveless plot-gymnastics. Mr Richard is quite engaging, though it seems unwise – English accents being the minefield they are – to have made him Mr Morley's son ('Sure, Pop'). A short, ragged-haired comedian, Melvyn Hayes, appears to be improvising now and then, when he is extremely funny.

Odd Obsessions (Compton) is a sticky 'stylish' essay, by the rightly celebrated Japanese director, Kon Ichikawa, in oriental damaroidery. An aging scholar, damned in a fair young wife, resorts to injections, an encouraged rival and massage ('acupuncture and moxibustion', state the sub-titles for an inspired second) to revive his appetites. A crippled cat is symbolically flung out of the door by the nasty old man, the wife is photographed in watery postures that recall the sexuality of Japanese prints, merry wholesale poisonings round off the drama.

Futures

G. W. STONIER

The other evening, with the train ready to go, I stood by the bookstall; my glance shunned the headlines, and I snatched at a small magazine, *Prediction*. 'One and six,' said the girl. 'Do you want the January number?' Please! By then the next world crisis should be over. Everything might be over! But a peep into the pages relieved me. Here was no valediction; people were still running round, wanting ouija-boards and Himalayan tablets to rejuvenate the brain . . .

Futures. For weeks I'd been stunned by *Tonight's* interview with the Shelterman: there he stood, in Los Angeles, showing Alan Whicker round his $3,000 sanctum. He carried a gun, in case. How many million citizens across America, one wondered, have got things worked out, waiting for the quick draw? That was one vision; quite another emerged from *Prediction*, with which I was now settled in my corner, one so different that I had to skim the contents twice to discover any reference to world affairs. What humanity is, or should be, agog at is the sun's eclipse in February next:

> Many astrologers place the Soviet Union under Aquarius and this powerful eclipse should bring a more friendly and less suspicious approach from this great nation.

Which takes us well ahead. Let my fellow-passengers wriggle over the two K's and the 1,000-year wall: me for the stars.

The very first words inside the cover invite me to take a correspondence course in the Faculty of Astrological Studies, when I shall sit for my Astrological Gold Medal. Why not, urges Id? But other forces are already tugging: Rosicrucianism, Numerology, Botano-Therapy, Ancient Druids, Yoga and Sufi – no end to them. I can do it at home, be My Own Hypnotist, assume the Accomplished Pose. I can have my mind or hand read, or by sending two footprints to Professor Quayoom I can benefit from the wisdom of cartopedy. There's Egyptian sand-reading one minute from Warwick Road Tube station, and a Red Indian Seer whose client writes: 'have met Land Girl you predicted'. Tajana, Your True Friend in Wardour Street (fancy having one!), is offering King-Sized Horoscopes. Talli, the fabulous Tibetan Luck-Plaque (£1), is said to 'DRAW MONEY if carried in Purse or Wallet', and should soon pay for itself. I can invest in Astral Goggles, a mysterious Expanding Disc 'that has proved successful in the most stubborn cases'. Am I perhaps such a case?

As the stars wheeled by, between Taplow and Didcot, I remember thinking muzzily that one should be careful of that promise by Dynamic Thought Stream to 'link your mind with thousands who share your desires'. Then I dreamt I was sliding resistlessly back through compartment after compartment, coach after coach, till in a moment I would land with a bump on the line. An old dream. Hadn't I as a child at the seaside listened to table-turning in the room below, and sat at that same table next morning doubtfully banging my spoon? Influenced old gentlemen in the Tube to scratch their noses? Walked, only last Friday, by a gas-works because some Fleet Street magician had warned us against it? With a jolt I awoke to find that *Prediction* had slipped to the floor and I had reached my destination.

Belgrave Diary

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

The NEW STATESMAN – it has a fine ring! Neither of my clubs, unfortunately, stocks this periodical, which I take to be of recent establishment, but its title alone, glimpsed on a bookstall at Marylebone station, was sufficient to persuade me that here I had found the forum so urgently required: *new* – as, of course, it will be if it is to partake, with any vivacity, in the rebirth of our national pride; *statesman* – in that, without the decried qualities of dignity and diplomacy, we are unlikely to achieve a social discourse worthy of the name. It struck me that here, if anywhere in the public prints, an English gentleman might be accorded the favour of a column or so in which to set down his weekly reflections upon the passing scene.

* * *

How mixed are the satisfactions of reading! My good friend Crouchback, whose agrarian enthusiasms and polyprogenitiveness conceal, I have long suspected, both some earlier sorrow and a schoolboyish sense of fun, lately despatched to me through Her Majesty's mails a work composed by an author and issued by a publisher alike unknown to me. The author, a Mr Simon Raven, draws the veil away from several episodes in his private life that it would have been more comely to leave in obscurity: how often have I seen beautiful things lose their bloom and innocence upon exposure to the rank breath of the world. The Greeks knew all about this. Furthermore, the moral code implicit in Mr Raven's various escapades, while comprehensible to any public school man, is liable to appear contorted and even corrosive to those of the reading public (and they are legion, one is told, in this age of the Butler Education Act) to whom the finely textured experience of communal living with fellow spirits is as a closed book. This book Mr Raven has now opened with a wrench powerful enough to harm the binding. I note also that the young author (I take him to be young) is unmanfully perturbed that true gentlemanliness is no longer to be observed. Nonsense, young fellow! An interesting compilation, however, and I sent a word to Crouchback to that effect. His reply was delightfully characteristic: but I seem to have lost it.

* * *

It never fails to astonish me that *The Times* should devote a part of its foremost page to the puffing of commercial products. Have others, I wonder, been similarly disturbed? It would be interesting to know.

* * *

It depresses me to see that my old friend General Franco continues to countenance the import of wines from his proud country under misleading appellations. Spanish *burgundy* indeed! As well talk of Belgian Wensleydale or Punjab cider. These subterfuges do nothing for international relations.

* * *

An older man can sometimes see the game more clearly. I couldn't help chuckling to myself as I watched some muddy young people parading past the windows of Bucks the other day, bearing aloft banners with that strange device. All this turbulence about nuclear disarmament inevitably reminds me of poor Tommy Turnbull, then District Commissioner for Pengo-Pala. A fervent antimilitarist as the result of some nasty spills on the rugger field, he finally succeeded in confiscating the Pengans' blow-pipes. The unfortunate little coloured men, numbering, I believe, some two thousand, were completely wiped out the following afternoon by a hostile tribe. The whole story, which is not a happy one, can be found in Turnbull's as yet unpublished memoirs. *Verb. sap.*

* * *

As some of us prepare to celebrate the birth of Our Lord, others throng the thoroughfares of Regent Street and Oxford Street *taking photographs* of the gaudy illuminated trophies suspended high above them. Do they not know that these things have nothing to do with Christmas? What is this savage, pagan commotion?

* * *

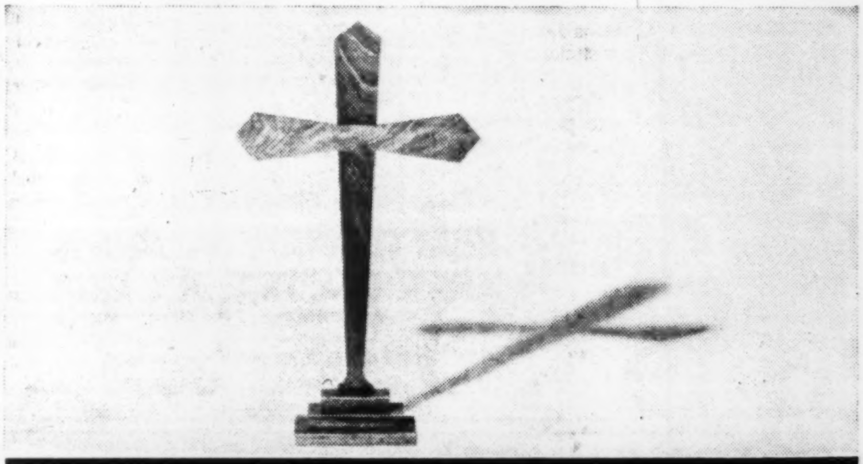
I have never been particularly fond of Irishmen, certain reservations made, of course, and it came as no surprise to me that Mr Conor O'Brien should have been the centre of so much unpleasantness at home and abroad. Diplomacy has always had its poets: there was that Frenchman, Claudel, and there have been countless fine versifiers polishing away under the British flag, from Katmandu to the Kalahari. I well recall the furore caused by a slim volume of elegiacs, put out in Athens, of all audacious places, in '28 by Force-Skinner. If I were sure that the typesetter had any Greek, I could even quote some of that astonishing mauve booklet. Times change and it is an ironic indication of this fact that O'Brien, now, I gather, in disgrace somewhere, should have been an amateur *critic*. One knew (or would have known if one had known) that no good would come of this and one was right (or would have been). Surely criticism is the monstrous weed in our midst, strangling the old colour and warmth, a desiccated activity better left to the embittered autodidacts in their coffee-bars.

* * *

The week has not been all deceptions. I was prevailed upon to visit an entertainment given by four young men on a barely furnished stage. Much of it seemed to me flimsy enough stuff (a poorly executed piece of Shakespeare, a tedious political discussion), though the innovation of having three of the young performers (the fourth was occupied on the piano) standing to attention with the rest of us while 'The Queen' was rendered showed a charming sense of allegiance. The triumph of a rather confused evening, however, was the long playlet devoted to the last war: the clever echoes of *Journey's End* nearly had me 'piping my eye' and the flash and thunder of battle were excitingly communicated with the minimum of effects. There was considerable laughter, regrettably, and I don't imagine this pot-pourri of items will run for long. Old regimentals annually reuniting in London should hasten to its support, if only for the nostalgia of its middle section.

* * *

As a *post scriptum*, a confession: it was Mr Raven's book that exacerbated me into setting down these observations. Imagine an old man's stupefaction, then, at encountering Mr Raven at Hurst Park yesterday. He is very polite and lives, rather eccentrically, in Deal. He roundly avows in his book that he is himself no gentleman. *Verb. sap.*



ABOUT RELIGION

6,000,000 people - as many as go to Church on Sundays in this country.

2,500,000 under thirty-fives. A very high proportion of non-churchgoers.

This is the audience for 'About Religion' produced by Associated Television every Sunday at 7 p.m. It was the first religious feature programme to be transmitted regularly on British Television. Next Sunday it reaches its 300th edition.

INDEPENDENT TELEVISION

YOUR EYES ON ATV RELIGION

Week-end Competition

No. 1,661 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Despite certain recent successes, the poverty of modern British satire is a byword. Competitors are invited to be as satirical as they possibly can about *Beyond the Fringe*, The Establishment night club, or any other feature of contemporary life: in 150 words or 16 lines of verse. Entries by 2 January.

Result of No. 1,658 **Set by D.A.B.**

A reader has received the following communication from a young woman of his acquaintance:

> I would like to make it clear that I have no wish to establish any social relationship under any conditions and shall regard future attempts to contact me, for other than unavoidable professional reasons, as deliberate molestation. In such circumstances I shall have no hesitation in informing the police.

He wishes competitors to offer suitable replies.

Report

A bumper entry. The really alarming number of rejoinders included sarcasms from Caracas, a *cri de coeur* from Nairobi and a solid snub from the Indian Embassy in Vienna. Competitors seem to have been longing for the chance to be very crushing, several writing as policemen. Entries bore the following characteristics:

(i) Freezing condescension:

> But social was not what I wanted to be at all. Not, God help me, with a girl who uses 'contact' as a verb, likes to make it clear, establishes relationships, regards things, has no hesitation in informing me, lives under conditions and in circumstances.

This, from Ian Sainsbury, ends by advising the lady to read Henry Miller. 'Anouilh makes the same point, but in French', remarks somebody else equally *blasé* – as Anouilh might have put it.

(ii) The widespread assumption that the lady's letter was a contorted 'come hither'.

(iii) The still more widespread assumption that 'professional' was a dark word and the lady no lady: 'Like you won't do it for free, huh, baby?'

Ram Banga MP's reply managed after all this to be somewhat moving.

We believe the original letter, by the way, to have been authentic. Two guineas each to the entries printed.

Dear Madam,

Owing to the unsatisfactory nature of my domestic affairs, I am still in need of a lady's professional services, but the tone of your letter makes it imperative that I seek them elsewhere.

Your ingenious advertisement in the West End, offering 'Course in the Fine Arts – French Method', suggested a liberal and civilised approach to business relationships. However, my invitation to a social cup of tea, over and beyond professional requirements, is apparently regarded as 'molestation'.

Your attitude calls to mind a friend's experience with one of your colleagues. When closeted with the lady he ventured to bestow an affectionate kiss, only to be told rather sharply to 'cut out the sociable stuff and get on with it.'

But I doubt very much if you have a sense of humour.

Your etc.,
PETER VEALE

Mlle Jean,

Thank you for your letter. I was disappointed at the response to my delivery of a bouke of flowers which I had specially imported from Venice but being unaccostomed to the ways of Parisien ladies, some who perhaps may be alerjic to flowers having been educated at Punjab University and gained an MD in Indian Philosophy in Sanscrit, I sincerely wish you would not take it as deliberate molestation on my part, madam, as it was sent with greatest respect and admiration for anticipated profeshnal reasons.

Could I expect an early acknowlegement to this letter and also take the liberty of asking which evening would be suitable to your Ladyship to dine with me

With all my love, I remain, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
R.S.V.P. Ram Banga MP
PRATAP KAPILA

My Love (for seven furtive days
Of hide-and-seek in In-Out trays),
Your anti-missive missive sped
Towards my heart if not my head;
Confirmed me in my secret drive
To brighten up the nine-to-five
(Indeed, if victory be mine,
To brighten up the five-to-nine),
And try, a self-effacing toady,
To add some *amo* to your *odi*.

You hint that business may dictate
That we at times communicate
(Observe how coyly from the steel
There peeps a vulnerable heel!)
But if my glowing memos earn
A kiss-less, formal, chaste return,
And if I cannot lead your horse
From intercom. to intercourse,
Why then, my Love, it would be better a
Millstone hung from Yours etcetera.
TIMOTHY ROGERS

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The fragrance of an apple ought to be but is not a guide to its quality; the look of it is. The most deliciously scented apple, the apple which will give a whole dining-room a most appetising smell, is Beauty of Bath, the August-ripening fruit which I associate with seaside lodgings in my childhood. Well, this apple is gastronomically worthless. I cannot think of any exception to the rule that the best apples have at least some slight russeting of the skin, and combine in their colouring golden yellow, orange red and various greens, in their texture being either matt or slightly clammy. There are some good green apples but none in the top rank; there are no good all-red apples. I had, this year, to plant fruit-trees and for apples confined myself to the russet-red-gold aromatics and to true russets. If there was a hierarchy of apples as of wines, then the aromatics, of which Cox's Orange Pippin is the only commercial example, might without undue whimsicality be compared with the great burgundies and the clarets would be the best russets. Of the russets at least one is as beautiful as it is good: Egremont Russet, a perfectly shaped golden fruit just touched with the red of autumn maple leaves. Another very good and very ancient one is Court Pendu Plat. The Old English russet, a huge and shapeless

Our light must not go out...

For over a hundred years, poor and destitute children have found a home and training in the care of this Society. Our work is still of vital importance today, to succour those – and there are many – for whom the Welfare State can make no provision.

Neither subsidised nor nationalised, we depend largely on voluntary subscription.

Will you help us?

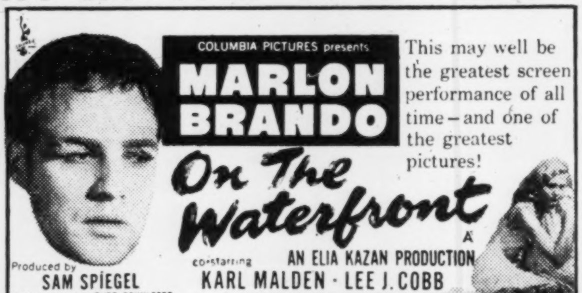
Please send a Christmas Gift to the

SHAFTESBURY HOMES &
'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP
PATRON H.M. THE QUEEN

Please send donations to the Secretary:
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

AT LONG LAST!
BACK AGAIN IN THE WEST-END!

WINNER OF 8 ACADEMY AWARDS


COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
MARLON BRANDO
This may well be the greatest screen performance of all time – and one of the greatest pictures!
On The Waterfront
AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION
Produced by SAM SPIEGEL
Screen Play by BUDD SCHULBERG
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
co-starring KARL MALDEN · LEE J. COBB
with ROD STEIGER · PAT HENNING
and introducing EVA MARIE SAINT

COLUMBIA THEATRE REG 5414

WKDYS. 1.45 3.57
6.10 8.25
SUNS. 4.30 6.39 8.48

apple, is dry and woolly; a russet should be hard and taste nutty and be eaten with a glass of port. The best apple I have ever eaten is d'Arcy Spice but I cannot hope to grow it in the West Country; it depends for its quality so very much on the soil and local climate and it never seems to do well away from its own parish of Tolleshunt d'Arcy.

People are apt to dismiss as an affected refinement the notion that the quality of an apple is closely associated with the soil and climate in which its tree grows, although they accept this in the case of wine-grapes. Yet it is perfectly reasonable that something like the proportions of plant nutrient minerals present in a soil should be reproduced in the fruit; and that they should govern its flavour, aroma and texture. Fruit responds very sensitively to the soil conditions: for example, my Laxton Superb apples would never colour when the soil about the trees was kept open; when it was grassed down, they coloured well. Soils can of course be changed, but only coarsely, not in their refinements.

As for climate, if an apple is good where rainfall is 20 ins and the summers hot and dry, it will certainly not be the same but either better or worse where the rainfall is 50 ins and the summers mild and wet. Nor is the better climate always better from the fruit's point of view. There is, for example, a pear, one of the most exquisite when well grown and which is at its best very late, as late as early March: its name is Passe Crassane and you get it served to you at a fabulous price in the best Paris restaurants. It can be grown here and is worth a lot of trouble, for it compares with Doyenné du Comice.

But this pear nearly always fails here because gardeners are convinced that what pears need above all is lots of sun. The fact is that Passe Crassane needs a very high rainfall, being at its best in what peasants call the *pissepot de France*. Thus although such noble pears as Comice and Glou Morceau may be best when grown in the south-east, Passe Crassane is better in the south-west. These three and Winter Nelis are the great pears comparable with *grands crus* wines. The pears of commerce are not comparable with them at all.

It is a curious fact that the flavour and aroma which put a fruit variety into the highest class is the same in very different fruits; and even more curious that few people notice this. It is the flavour which is associated with muscat grapes; it is very noticeable in Comice and William's Bon Chrétien pears, perceptible in such apples as Orleans Reinette and Cox, and strong in certain, now rare, kinds of strawberries, known a century ago as pine-strawberries and now being bred into some new varieties by the French. This taste is also present in the best raspberry varieties. It is in all the finest cantaloup and musk melons. It is at its strongest in muscat grapes, of course, and is so persistent that if a very small amount of such grapes be added to a must of wine-grapes, the wine will be strongly tainted with the taste and scent of musk or muscat. This flavour is not confined to temperate-zone fruits, for a really ripe pineapple – imported ones are very rarely good enough to give the full flavour – the musk taste is strong and there are certain kinds of white-skinned pomegranates which have this same deliciousness. The only fruits in which I have never certainly detected it are citrus fruits; yet I think it may be present in the finest tangerines, masked by the strong orange flavour.

City Lights

TAURUS

Courtaulds, with its turnover of £170m, is the 13th-largest company in the country and still, despite its feverish and costly search for diversification, has some £20m of cash to spare. But the bidder has at last been bid for, and stockholders are not complaining: their earnings were falling, their dividend had already been cut and they were resigned to waiting a long time before seeing the share price as high as it was earlier in the year. Mr Chambers's megabid will push the value of their investment up from about 30s to about 40s. Although the market price has not yet risen as high as it will if the bid goes through, many of them may have been glad of the opportunity to sell this Christmas week and sacrifice the odd few shillings as an insurance against anti-climax.

In terms of earnings the bid is not particularly generous, but it is so obviously attractive in terms of market price that the directors of Courtaulds will probably have to accept it. It is usual, of course, in mergers between companies of a certain size for both to issue a joint statement when they have reached full agreement, and discussions between ICI and Courtaulds have been going on for the past four months. But something bizarre happened to provoke a breach of merger etiquette. Last Sunday morning somebody describing himself as an ICI press officer summoned the press to Mr Chambers's house for a conference in the afternoon about ICI and the Common Market; the press arrived in force and learned – though it appears that the directors of ICI were in fact meeting in the house at that time – that it had been hoaxed. The *Daily Mail*, however, robbed of the story with which it may have hoped to fill Monday, ran a revised version – starting with continental rumours about a link-up between ICI and Courtaulds, going on to an interview with Mr Chambers, in which he blandly offered Unilever or Fisons as alternative possibilities and denied that talks with anyone were going on at that moment, and ending with a general reference to the mergers which entry into the Common Market was bound to produce.

Startled, no doubt, and possibly glad to have such an excellent excuse for rapid action, ICI issued its announcement first thing on Monday morning. Courtaulds – the chairman was at sea, the chairman-elect had been delayed by fog – announced a little later, and a little stuffily, that the directors were considering their advice to stockholders 'in the light of the premature announcement of their discussions with ICI'.

The reason for the merger is obvious enough. At present Courtaulds (having recently absorbed British Celanese and British Enka) has a virtual monopoly of rayon, divides acrylic production with a Monsanto subsidiary in Northern Ireland, and spins the nylon polymer manufactured by ICI. ICI, besides its shared interest in nylon, has large interests of its own in Terylene and will probably soon be interested in the manufacture of other synthetic fibres. A merger would give the pair a 90-95 per cent control of artificial

FINANCE & MORTGAGE
GROUP LIMITED

Earn more interest

8½%

An organisation specialising exclusively in finance for the Building, Ownership and Management of Property invites you to open a Deposit Account and earn 8½% per annum paid gross without deduction of Tax.

- **No fees or commissions.**
- **Immediate withdrawals.**
- **Full details on request.**

To: Finance & Mortgage Group Ltd., Eagle House, Craven Road, London, W.2 (Tel.: AMBassador 0055)

Please send, without obligation, Balance Sheet and descriptive Booklet.

Name (Mr., Mrs., Miss): ....

Address: ....

....

NST6

fibre production in this country; it would make possible the usual economies in capital expenditure and research, enable ICI methods to be applied to the management of Courtaulds, give it a better foothold in Europe and produce an integrated fibres group comparable to Du Pont of America (slightly larger) and Rhone-Poulenc of France (considerably smaller).

Fibres, which are a rapidly-growing market, would account for about a quarter of combined sales, and most of Courtaulds' other interests could be welded fairly easily to those of ICI: the paint interests would go naturally together to give the pair about 25 per cent of the market, the cellophane would go well with the polythene wrapping, and even the corsets of the one could be fitted with the zip-fasteners of the other.

And what is the government now going to do about monopolies legislation?

★ ★ ★

The first questions will probably prove to have been fired this week when Mr Erroll produced his statement about the latest recommendation of the Monopolies Commission – that Imperial Tobacco should gét rid of its 42½ per cent holding in Gallaher, its main competitor. Gallaher got in ahead of the statement with the news that it had brought the tobacco industry effectively down to three by acquiring from American Tobacco the capital of Wix, the Kensitas firm. Wix, after a spotty profits record, began to recover strongly in 1956 when the passing of the Restrictive Practices Act made it possible to resume coupon trading: it now has some five per cent of the market and a profit of over £2m. American Tobacco is probably glad to exchange its risk for a substantial interest in the most successful firm in the British market.

Gallaher, which now has a 35 per cent share of the market, will acquire another established brand in the rapidly-growing filter-tipped market to rival Imperial's new Gold Leaf. To establish yet another new brand of its own would have been both expensive and risky, particularly since Kensitas addicts half-way through their long chain-smoking drive to an electric mixer are unlikely to switch brands.

Company News

The official quotation of *Unilever* on the New York Stock Exchange pushed the price up sharply; a good many British holders have sold, and the reinvestment of the money has helped London prices generally.

The rest of the steel results are out. *Stewarts & Lloyds*, with trading profit 14 per cent down and profit before tax 23 per cent down, is much as expected.

Steel of Wales has been caught on both tinplate and sheet: its sales are down seven per cent, its trading profit 24 per cent, its profit before tax 42 per cent; its dividend, moreover, has been unexpectedly cut from 12½ to 10 per cent. *Dorman Long*, thanks perhaps to its engineering interests, has done rather well: its trading profit is down by only 6½ per cent, and earnings to cover the unchanged 10 per cent dividend have slipped only from 25 to 23¾ per cent.

International Computers and Tabulators has increased its profit from £7.9m to £9.5m and *Northern Dairies* from £733,000 to £1.01m.

Watch your Savings GROW
WITH GUARANTEED SECURITY - WITHOUT WORRY

PINNOCK FINANCE
COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED

OFFER UP TO 8% PER ANNUM INTEREST

PLUS 1% ON DEPOSITS OF £500 OR MORE

Put your savings to work for you. Invest them with PINNOCK FINANCE and reap the benefit of these generous Interest Rates. Send to-day for the fully descriptive Brochure which tells you all about PINNOCK and explains how easy it is to open a Deposit Account

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY

NO FEES, DUTY OR COMMISSION

EASY WITHDRAWALS

Pinnock Finance Co (Gt. B.) Ltd. is a member of the world-wide Pinnock Group Est. 1891.

To THE SECRETARY,
Pinnock Finance Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd.,
17 Hanover Square, London, W.1.
(Tel: Hyde Park 1151)

Please send me fully Descriptive Booklet on how to open a Deposit Account

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

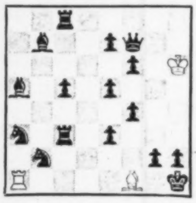
N.S.58 ....

The Chess Board

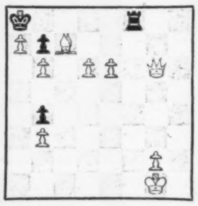
No. 632. Christmas Feast.

Once upon a time, a Rook and a Bishop, with their own King far away and in dire peril, found themselves surrounded by the entire might of the enemy army. Nothing daunted they felt inspired by a sumptuous Christmas dinner no less than by the story the Bishop had told the kiddies. It was the fairy-tale of the children eating their way through mountains of cake and chocolate, and with their own appetites revived the two gallant chessmen steeled themselves to a prodigiously voracious effort. It was a mate in 10, and my offer of 5 ladder-points would seem to be recklessly generous even in Christmas week. But then, the 6 points for **B** may just be the rate for the job. 'White to win' seems a simple enough proposition, but there is that nasty business of Black's stalemate threat, and to cope with that once and for all will take all of 10 moves. As for **C** (a piece composed by my friend Dr. K. Fabel in 1950) I can put it in space-saving Forsyth: /32/3Bb3/8/1PP3R1/4K2R/. Note that the Black King is missing. What matters is to put him where he can be mated forthwith; and to explain why another square which seems to suit the purpose just as well, really wouldn't do at all. When offering as much as 7 points for so simple a proposition I should feel almost a miser in doling out a mere 8 for **D**. It is the customary self-mate, and quite a unique one too, one of the few composed by the great Professor Berger. In it he aimed at setting up a record; and he certainly did since it has stood unbroken for more than half a century. The task he had set himself was to create the maximum of e.p. captures with a minimum of White pieces to achieve self-mate as quickly as possible. Even so, it takes all of 22 moves, and that is still considered the minimum. Glory (and a munificent chessbook voucher) to him who can beat that proud record. **E** and **F** are wins, the former significant for its pleasing harmony, the latter a paean for the prowess of a Knight. In somewhat overrating those two at 9 and 10 points respectively we reach the grand total of 45 ladder-points traditional in a holiday weekend. Usual prizes. Entries by 1 January.

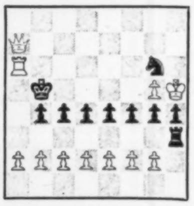
A: N. Sardotsch 1886



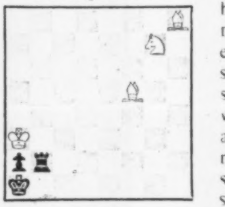
B: T. B. Gorgiev 1937



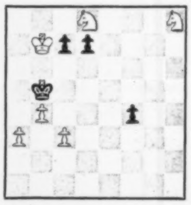
D: J. Berger 1910



E: Kasparyan & Nasanyan 1940



F: J. Hasek 1961



REPORT on No. 629. Set 1 December

A: 18) Ktf6! wins Q by mating threat.

B: 1) Qe3†. Kf8; 2) Rd7:† Kd7:; 3) Bf5† etc.

C: 1) Rg1:. h2; 2) Kf2 hg:(Q)†; 3) Kg1:. Re7:; 4) Bf4. Re4; 5) Bg3. Re2; 6) Bf2 etc.

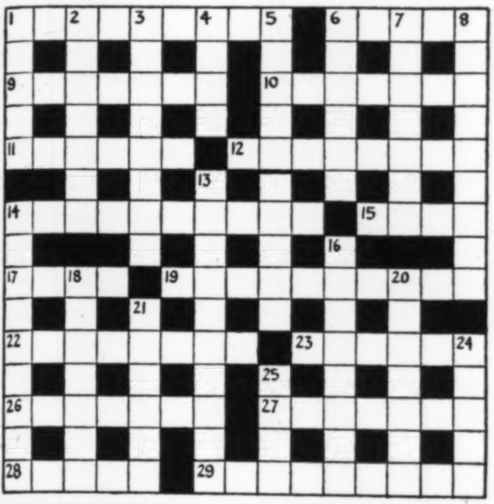
Or 1) . . . Re7:†; 2) Kf3. h2; 3) Rb1† etc.

Alternative for **C** accepted. Prizes: D. Dean, J. E. Dilley, R. J. Potter, G. W. Richardson.

ASSIAC

Christmas Crossword 489

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 489, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 2 January.



ACROSS

1. Sixth age pantomime character (9).
6. A number of land animals, they go out to sea (5).
9. Successful part of the turkey taken round the hotel (7).
10. A blonde would not do for a communist boss (7).
11. Go round giving thanks in mechanical repetition (6).
12. Breaks the stars into fragments (8).
14. Newsprint restriction is raised at Christmas (10).
15. Name for most of what is in the cracker (4).
17. Food provided for skating conditions on a river (4).
19. Wealth is about to provide security for fairy-tale figure (10).
22. In long distances the vehicle returns wonderful performances (8).
23. Place where ducks can hold their drink (6).
26. The magistrate holds a bone in the air (7).
27. Means of drawing a line dividing opposition (7).
28. 'The furious winter's —' (*Cymbeline*) (5).
29. Having available a shilling for presents (9).

DOWN

1. 'Despite those titles, —, and pelf' (Scott) (5).
2. Continuously having the highest part at bottom (7).
3. Flyers discover nothing in the turbulent vast air (8).
4. The river is against her (4).
5. Harbingers of snow turn in rambling thorns (5, 5).
6. Young men caught devouring dates (6).
7. The gift for 1961 (7).
8. Entertainments in which the body is revealed (9).
13. Without a kingdom, but has horses lent (10).
14. Man around the frost limit (9).
16. After the panic the sailor has something to eat (8).
18. Winter sport for a dog on the heather (7).
20. Negro possessing skill in drawing (7).
21. Refuses to consider the servants (6).
24. Nothing like exists in a pleasant spot (5).
25. Sound from the choir at Christmas (4).

Solution to No. 487

D	A	H	O	M	E	Y	■	S	A	M	P	L	E	S
E	■	I	■	A	■	E	■	C	■	A	■	E	■	A
L	A	T	I	N	■	A	B	O	L	I	S	H	E	D
I	■	C	■	D	■	R	■	R	■	L	■	A	■	N
B	E	H	E	A	D	■	R	E	H	E	A	R	S	E
E	■	C	■	T	■	P	■	B	■	D	■	■	■	S
S	T	O	N	E	M	A	S	O	N	■	I	L	L	S
■	■	C	■	D	■	L	■	A	■	A	■	O	■	■
P	I	K	E	■	W	A	R	R	I	N	G	T	O	N
A	■	■	■	H	■	T	■	D	■	T	■	T	■	E
P	A	T	H	E	T	I	C	■	D	I	V	E	R	S
I	■	A	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	D	■	R	■	T
S	A	M	A	R	K	A	N	D	■	O	R	I	E	L
T	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	E
S	T	R	A	N	G	E	■	T	R	E	S	S	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 487

D. C. Appelt (Bromley)
Gerald Craig (London SW3)
Mrs Parfit (Oxford)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s 6d per line (average six words), minimum two lines Box number 2s 6d Prepayment essential Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post New Statesman. Great Turnstile London WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
New Zealand

Applications are invited for the following appointments:

LECTURESHIPS IN ECONOMICS AND ECONOMIC HISTORY

The Lecturer in Economics will be expected to teach and examine courses primarily in banking and public finance, and to undertake research in this field, but he may also be required to do some teaching and examining in elementary economic theory.

The Lecturer in Economic History will be expected to teach and examine courses primarily in economic history and to undertake research in this field, but he may also be required to do some teaching and examining in the more elementary stages of economic theory.

LECTURESHIP IN ROMANCE LANGUAGES (ITALIAN)

The Lecturer will be required to teach Italian language and literature within the range from Preliminary to Honours Applicants should state their special interests and qualifications. Preference will be given to applicants with qualifications in Italian language.

CITY TUTOR: ADULT EDUCATION CENTRE

The appointee will, in particular, be required to organise and administer the Auckland City programme of university Adult Education Classes (those held at the University) and to lecture to adult education groups in the Auckland City and Suburban area

The salary ranges are: Lecturer: £1,250 p.a., rising to £1,700 p.a. by annual increments of £75 each. City Tutor: £1,160 p.a., rising to £1,460 p.a. by six annual increments.

Commencing salary within the respective ranges will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Travel and removal expenses are allowed within certain limits.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1.

Applications close in New Zealand and London on 26 January 1962.

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, Herefordshire. Recognised by the Ministry of Education. This reorganised school requires an assistant male teacher for the younger group of 32 maladjusted boys. The Managers seek someone sympathetic though not necessarily experienced with the problem of disturbed children. Experience of infant school teaching and music an advantage. Salary Burnham scale plus emoluments for extraneous duties. Further particulars from the Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Birmingham, 30.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

invites applications for appointment in the Department of History at Edmonton and Calgary, Alberta. Appointments effective 1 September 1962, may be made, depending upon qualifications, at the rank of full, associate or assistant professor and at a salary range from $6,000 to $12,000 per annum.

At Edmonton, appointments are proposed in Canadian and modern European history. Special consideration for the appointment in modern European history will be given to applicants with qualifications in one or more of the following fields: The Renaissance and Reformation, 19th century Europe, European intellectual history, European economic history, history of science.

At Calgary preference will be given to applicants qualified in one or more of the following fields: Canadian history, Latin American history, 18th century European history. Special consideration will be given to a specialist in any of these fields who is also qualified to teach Russian or medieval history

Applications should be accompanied by a recent photograph or snapshot, a curriculum vitae, transcript of record, and the names of three references, and should reach the undersigned before 15 January 1962.

L. G THOMAS, Head,
Department of History,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

COUNTY OF CORNWALL

Area Child Care Visitor in West Cornwall. Applications are invited from young women, trained and experienced in Child Care to take charge of the Camborne/Redruth area in West Cornwall. Separate office and part-time clerk. The person appointed will be responsible for all aspects of the Child Care Service in her area. Salary APT III £960 to £1,140.

Further particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, 11 Strangways Terrace, Truro, Cornwall.

E. T VERGER,
Clerk of the County Council.
County Hall, Truro.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE

Applications are invited for the post of **SENIOR ASSISTANT KEEPER** in the **DEPARTMENT OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS**. Stipend according to qualifications on the scale £1,350 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £2,075. Contributory pension under FSSU and family allowance. Age not less than twenty-eight and preferably not more than forty. The appointment should be taken up as soon as possible after 16 March 1962. Applicants, who must possess a University degree, should be experienced in the study and professional care of paintings and drawings, and preference will be given to those with substantial experience in a similar post. The duties will include particular responsibility for the drawings and water-colours.

Further information may be obtained from the Director, to whom seven copies of applications should be sent to reach him not later than 15 January 1962, with full details including the names and addresses of three referees; testimonials are not required.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Modern History at a salary on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 to £1,850 (efficiency bar at £1,550), a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800-£950 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. Preference will be given to candidates having qualifications in Modern European History.

Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 20 January 1962

MANCHESTER University Settlement requires a Sub-Warden to begin work as soon as possible. Social Science training preferred but not essential. Further information, apply Warden, MUS, 20 Every Street, Manchester, 4.

HOME FOR AGED JEWS

105 Nightingale Lane,
Wandsworth Common,
London, SW12.

The Committee seek the services of a Secretary for this large and modern old people's Home of 233 residents with prospects of rapid promotion to the office of Administrative Director

Candidates, who must be male and not over 45 years of age, should be well versed in the administration of a similar organisation with good knowledge of accountancy and be familiar with all religious requirements.

This is an exacting but rewarding position, suitable for a person of character with a vocation for the welfare of others. The commencing salary will be £1,250 per annum and a contributory pension scheme is in operation

Apply with full details to: Mr Cecil Kahn, Chairman, at the above address.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

City of Leicester Education Committee

LEICESTER COLLEGE OF ART

Principal: E. E. Pullée ARCA, FSAE

Holders of a General Degree or with other appropriate qualifications and a particular interest in the Arts, are invited to apply for the post of Assistant Lecturer (Grade B) in General Studies for lectures and tutorials with Diploma students throughout the College.

Salary: Burnham Technical Scale – £770 to £1,350 per annum, plus degree and training allowance and increments for approved teaching and/or industrial experience.

Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Registrar, Leicester College of Art, to whom completed forms should be returned as soon as possible.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

Vacancies for CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPISTS at following Child Guidance Clinics:

CHELMSFORD

Full-time post, but applications for part-time appointments considered.

BASILDON

up to seven 3-hour sessions per week.

GRAYS

up to six sessions per week.

The latter two posts could be combined as a full-time appointment covering part of each. Salary: six sessions per week or more, appropriate proportion of Grade II Soulbury Scale for Educational Psychologists, i.e., £1,290 x £32 10s.-£1,560 per annum. Five sessions per week or less – £2 15s. 6d. per session, plus travelling expenses.

Form and further details from Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford.

THE ROYAL INFIRMARY OF EDINBURGH & ASSOCIATED HOSPITALS

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine. This Department is under the clinical charge of the Professor of Psychological Medicine of Edinburgh University. The post will become vacant on 1 January 1962, and the duties will include in-patient and out-patient work in this Teaching Hospital. Candidates should preferably have a degree and in addition should hold a recognised Mental Health Certificate. Salary will be at the appropriate point on the Whitley Council Scale.

Applications together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent by 31 December 1961

REGIONAL Organiser required for Refugee Charity meeting with generous public support and with the co-operation of Churches (all denominations including C. of E. and RC). A gentleman experienced in such work will be appreciated and immediate promotion given. Pension scheme. Kindly enquire for further details from Hon. Administrator, Voluntary and Christian Service, 139 Oxford Street, W1. Your enquiry will be treated in confidence.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

The Society invites applications from suitably qualified persons for the newly created post of **DIRECTOR** of its Sheltered Workshop and Hostels for the mentally handicapped now being completed in Slough, Bucks. The appointment calls for a person with wide administrative experience, a high degree of initiative, and a genuine concern for the problems of mental handicap, who can undertake the overall administration and development of this Pilot Project. Duties include close liaison with local industrialists and the general control of staff. The post carries a minimum salary of £1,250 plus superannuation.

Applications with full details should be sent within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement to the GENERAL SECRETARY, NSMHC, 125 High Holborn, London, WC1.

CANE HILL HOSPITAL, COULSDON, SURREY

Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 men and women patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate.

Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council 'A' for the Health Service. Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

invites applications from suitably qualified persons (such as Almoners) for the post of full-time **WELFARE OFFICER** at their Central Office. The officer appointed will be required to undertake day to day case work with mentally handicapped children and their parents and the administration of the welfare and advisory services of the Society. Commencing salary £800 per annum plus superannuation.

Applications with full details should be sent within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement to the GENERAL SECRETARY, NSMHC, 125 High Holborn, London, WC1.

INTERNATIONAL GRAMOPHONE RECORD COMPANY

seeks young man, not over 35 and preferably single, to work in its advertising department in the Netherlands. The position is one of considerable responsibility, and offers great scope to a man able to work at speed and on his own initiative. It calls for the writing of original notes for record sleeves, and the writing and editing of material for publicity purposes. A wide knowledge of classical music is essential, and an all-round interest in gramophone records and advertising desirable. A knowledge of popular music would also be an advantage.

Write, giving full details of experience to Box 7645.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

invites applications for the post of South Wales **REGIONAL BRANCH OFFICER** based on an office in the Cardiff area.

The Society, which has over 260 affiliated societies, with a membership approaching 20,000 is now rapidly expanding its welfare, information and advisory services.

The Society seeks to appoint an Officer (man or woman) having a concern for the problems of mental handicap, to undertake the administration and development of its activities in the South Wales area. The post calls for a high degree of initiative and administration experience. Salary (£850-£1,000) according to qualifications, plus superannuation.

Applications should be sent within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement to the GENERAL SECRETARY, NSMHC, 125 High Holborn, London, WC1.

ST MARY'S MOTHERCRAFT TRAINING CENTRE, 10 WESTFIELD PLACE, DUNDEE

FIRST ASSISTANT (resident) with social science qualification required for small rehabilitation centre accommodating five families. Three resident trained staff, good part-time help. Opportunities for constructive casework. Salary £500-£600 less emoluments.

Applications with names of two referees to the Secretary.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON

APPLICATIONS are invited from British male graduates for the post of Head Librarian, Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London, W1. Salary £1,000-£1,250 by £25 annual increments. Applicants with experience may start at a higher figure. Experience in Library or archive administration desirable and an interest in archaeological work an advantage.

Application forms may be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London, W1, which should be returned by 1 January 1962.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

YOUTH SERVICE

APPOINTMENT OF DISTRICT YOUTH OFFICER

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for post of District Youth Officer in the District Youth Committee Area of Malden and Coombe. A recognised diploma or certificate of training with administrative and suitable practical experience is essential. Salary £770 x £27 . 10s. - £1,070 p.a.

Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. Closing date 31 December.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

YOUTH SERVICE

APPOINTMENT OF FULL-TIME CLUB LEADERS

(a) Esher: Molesey Youth Club

(b) Kingston-upon-Thames: The 59 Club

(c) Richmond: Richmond Youth Centre

Applications are invited from qualified men and women for these vacancies. Each club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for boys and girls of 14 to 20 years of age. Salary scale £680 x £35 (8) and £40 (1) - £1,000 plus London Allowance of £45 p.a. for holders of recognised diploma or certificate.

Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. Closing date 31 December.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY - posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BROWN & POLSON LIMITED

TECHNICAL SERVICE DIVISION

MANAGEMENT APPOINTMENT

GRADUATE CHEMIST

Brown & Polson Limited require a graduate chemist to take charge of the Food Section of their Technical Service Department. He would be responsible to the head of the department for the work of a small team dealing with factory and customer problems in the field of starch and sugars.

Ideally the successful candidate would not be over 40, and in addition to having the necessary academic training, should be considerably experienced in some branch of the food industry, both in the laboratory and on the pilot plant or product development side.

This vacancy is created by the promotion of the present head of the section and presents an excellent opportunity to a well qualified man with the requisite personality to develop the section. Future prospects of promotion in an expanding organisation are good.

An excellent salary together with Profit Sharing Bonus and Welfare Benefit available.

Send detailed application to the
Personnel Adviser,
BROWN & POLSON LIMITED,
Manchester, 17.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Reader, Senior Lecturer, or Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for a number of appointments as Reader, Senior Lecturer, or Lecturer in History. The Department of History has about eighteen members. It offers courses in modern European, Asian, American and British history. There are vacancies in all these, as well as particular need for an Asian or Pacific historian, and an Australian historian. There are facilities for research in most of these fields, grants are available for particular research projects, and there is an unusually flexible study leave scheme. Salary Scales: Reader, £A3,000-100-3,300; Senior Lecturer, £A2,450-110-3,000; Lecturer, £A1,675-100 (75)-2,450; with superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary may be fixed within the scale in accordance with the successful candidate's qualifications and experience. General Conditions of Appointment and a statement about the posts for the information of potential candidates may be had on application to the Registrar or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the final paragraph of the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 1 February 1962.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of Family Caseworker (male or female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £665 to £975 per annum. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

YOUNG man required for Deputy Warden at a new Hostel at Malvern Wells for 12 adolescent boys. Interest in gardening and woodwork desirable. Salary £400 per annum plus residential emoluments. Apply for particulars to: The Hon. Secretary, Birmingham Society for the Care of Invalid and Nervous Children, 23 Laburnum Road, Birmingham, 30.

DEPUTY Housemother required for new Hostel at Malvern Wells for 12 adolescent boys. Some experience of residential work desirable. Salary £300 x £15 to £350 per annum plus residential emoluments. Apply for particulars to: The Hon. Secretary, Birmingham Society for the Care of Invalid and Nervous Children, 23 Laburnum Road, Birmingham, 30.

HOUSEMOTHER required 6 Jan., young adult spastic centre, congenial surroundings, active social life, salary scale £475-£600 less £120 for emoluments. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Centre, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

THE Anglo-Continental School of English (state-recognised), 33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, will have vacancies for temporary teachers of English from 16 April, 1 May and 4 June 1962, with possibility of permanent appointment for suitable candidates. Knowledge of German, French or Italian a great advantage. Apply early to the Director of Studies, enclosing photograph and giving full details of qualifications and experience.

SOLICITORS (Jewish) WC1 seek assistant (admitted or unadmitted and of any religion) with will and capacity to handle large volume of work, primarily conveyancing. High salary available for the right applicant possessing brains, experience and efficiency. Brief particulars in first instance to Box 7641.

ALL good class domestic and catering staff supplied and wanted. Call Ainslies, 1 Dover Street, W1. HYD. 5995.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Editor wanted for crystallographic publications. Varied and responsible post for man or woman with scientific background, interested in information work. Applications to the Editor, Mrs O. Kennard, National Institute for Medical Research, Mill Hill, London, NW7.

RAPIDLY growing Political Party – there is only one, the Liberals – requires Regional Organisers. Apply, giving age, experience and qualifications, to Secretary, LPO, 58 Victoria Street, London, SW1.

SECRETARY wanted for dual job of Private Secretary to Labour MP and Secretary of small Farming Coy. Man or woman. Must be capable simple book-keeping, PAYE, shorthand-typing. Knowl. agric. an advantage but not necessary. Modern cottage in village on 'bus route 20 miles from London. Box 7594.

ORGANISING Secretary (full-time) reqd by North West Region of CND. Organising ability & office exp. essentl. Write: Rev. Dr John Vincent, 14 Tib Lane, Manchester, 2, by 30 December.

INFORMATION Assistant reqd for library of publishing firm in West London. FPE essential. Ability to type an asset. Starting salary up to £525 p.a. Apply Box 7601.

WOMAN capable of earning over £1,000 per annum is invited to discuss (in strictest confidence) an executive sales position with a friendly, progressive publishing company. Write Box 7647.

SECRETARY required for Director of Art Book Company near British Museum. Quiet office, friendly atmosphere. Experienced, educated lady, knowledge of French & German an advantage, but English mother-tongue. No Sats. Handwritten applications, stating age, experience and salary required. Box 7622.

RECEPTIONIST/teleph./typist, 18/19, for Theatrical Agt. Sal. to £9 10s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

ENJOY your work found through Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. Licensed by LCC. Member of Employment Agents Federation.

THE Better post for the Better person. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm & temp. M & S Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

A VERY Happy Christmas and New Job to you all from Winifred Johnson (Office Staff Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1, next door to Gamages. HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENT WANTED

EXPERIENCED male French teacher reqs post in or near London. Box 7553.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, Sociology, Economic and Social Statistics, etc., but equally fields such as the Organisation of Business, Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,150-£2,050 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £2,150-£2,550 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent, by 15 Jan. 1962, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding scope of the Fellowships.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm, TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principal: E. C. Urban.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford. 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

FOOD AND DRINK

HE'S a social lion; not because of his fame as a big game hunter, not because he's a best-selling author – but because he always serves superb El Cid Sherry to his grateful guests.

SCHOLARSHIPS—continued from p.976

LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS

OVERSEAS SCHOLARSHIPS 1962

Tenable in the University Colleges of Africa and the British West Indies.

Application is invited for four scholarships offered to British-born graduates of United Kingdom universities who wish to undertake a period of advanced study or research at any of the university institutions in Uganda, Nigeria, Ghana, Rhodesia or the West Indies. The value of the scholarships will be £750 for one year, renewable for a second year at £650. Candidates should be unmarried and under 25 years of age on 1 October 1962. They should be normally resident in the United Kingdom and available for interview in London at the end of March or early in April.

Further information and details of the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Leverhulme Research Awards Advisory Committee, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4. The closing date is 15 January 1962.

PERSONAL

WIDOW (Left wing socialist) with two children in isolated village in Kent would welcome social exchanges with other readers. Box 7649.

DOCTOR willing drive old, sick or invalids any Continental destination. Own car avail. Offers & details: Box 7498.

PLAYWRIGHT experienced in high-class comedy wanted by composer. Box 7618.

LADY stud. (no home) needs kind people help keep personal things. Box 7595.

EXTRA tuition reqd in physics and chemistry for 15-year-old boy just changed over to science, between 18 Dec. and 18 Jan. Highgate district. Box 7520.

GENT. 33, sks 3-4 friends short trip (Switz., Aust., France) Jan./Feb. Own Riley. Shared exps. Send dets. Box 7495.

HUMANISTS - there may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union (G), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

PORTUGUESE: New term begins 18 January. Evening classes at 5 levels. Apply: Luso-Brazilian Council, 2 Belgrave Square, London, SW1.

OLD-fashioned gramophone cylinders of music-hall songs wanted. Blue Amberols preferred. Titles and artistes to: Box 7561.

LINGUAPHONE Italian, second-hand wanted. Please ring WEL. 1957.

MALE studs req. immed. for evg drama classes. No exp. req. End of term prods Oedipus Rex & Macbeth. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

TWO vacant offices at 6 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1, from beginning of February, including one large room on Top Floor very suitable as studio for painter, architect, etc. Apply Gen. Secy, EUS. 5501.

POTTERY eve. classes Thur. 7-9.30 p.m. Shepherds Well Pottery, SWI. 2900.

HENDON Technical College offers a one year's full-time course in Personnel Management for graduates and others commencing September 1962 Apply to the Principal of the College, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4 (HENdon 6061)

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, unfortunately for the High St tycoons, but Mensa comes to your door much more often with its interesting postal research questionnaires. If you can prove yourself in a most enjoyable intelligence test, you may be offered membership in this unusual society for the select few, and will derive much pleasure from its activities. Send an addressed envelope to: C 55, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Road, Rainham, Essex.

10,000 Antiques for sale every Saturday in 18th Century Camden Passage, Islington open market and shops - ideal for all Christmas shopping. CAN. 5083.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers Chair: A. Marlowe, MP

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1 MAY 6093

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

AINSLIES Secretariat finds high-class posts for well-educated Top Paid Secretarial & Accountancy Staff. Call 1 Dover St, W1 (Piccadilly corner opposite Ritz Hotel). HYD. 5995.

TRUTH in Advertising. Join Advertising Inquiry Council, an Independent Consumers' Organisation £1 p.a. 'Advertising Scrutiny' monthly. Inquiries to AIC, 49 Cresswell Place, SW10.

DID YOU LEAVE SCHOOL TOO early?

DO YOU WANT A SECOND CHANCE to make a fresh start?

DID YOU KNOW that the Scottish Residential Adult College offers a course in Literature, Economics, History and Political Science to all over the age of 18?

DID YOU KNOW that admission is by interview only?

ARE YOU AWARE that your local Authority may assist you to take this stepping stone possibly to the University or a new career?

Then write at once to:

NEWBATTLE ABBEY COLLEGE, DALKEITH MIDLOTHIAN

when the Warden (Charles L. Rigg MA) will be pleased to send you a prospectus and details of the opportunities open to you.

PERSONAL—continued

DO you ever think of the Deaf? Sir Malcolm Sargent, whose life is devoted to the beauties of hearing, does, and on Christmas Day at 2.15 p.m. on BBC TV will appeal for the Royal National Institute for the Deaf. Please listen and send what you can to Sir Malcolm at 105 Gower St, WC1.

SCHIEDMAYER 6ft. grand, No. 19665, v. good cond. £90. (London). Box 7438.

GREECE - have you been there? Have you thought of collecting its beautiful stamps? Write for details Hellenic, 144 St Mary's Road, E10.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

LETRASET instant and perfect Lettering from Paytons of Islington, 110 Islington High Street. CAN. 5083.

SUEDE and Leather jackets and coats made to measure. E. Harris, 24 Berwick Street, London, W1.

WE type tapes same day. Hire, sell dict. machines, tape-recorders. Collect and deliver London. Tape-Typing, MON. 0188.

ELIZABETH Biddulph ROI paints portraits from 30 gns 6 Mountview Rd, N4.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated - and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588.

FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing (FLEet Street 7158/4734).

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN. 0461.

YOUR Future brightens with Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (61st ed.) No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias; plus Surprise Gift! BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7 KNIghtsbridge 7323.

GLOBE-Wernicke sectional book-cases are still available. Details from D. Matthews & Son Ltd, Dale Street, Liverpool, Deansgate, Manchester and Wellington St, Leeds.

BALLOGRAF Swedish ball-pen; 3 year guarantee, long-lasting refill. Black or blue 20s post-free. Caravel Press, Moxon Street, London, W1. HUN 0492.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St. London, W1. Phone MUSeum 8923, also at Oxford, ~~Cambridge~~, Ipswich.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel HOL. 8193).

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet: 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

LAZE down the river to the sun in a canoe to Arles, then on to Mirimar, Côte d'Azur for underwater swimming – water-skiing – sailing, returning with a magnificent coach run through the Alps. A Peter Lawrence holiday arranged as only he knows how, giving you 16 wonderful days for £37 15s. inclusive. Send for illustrated brochure giving full details. PGL Holidays, 19 The Boat House, Letchworth, Herts.

GREECE: Island of Mykonos, 1962. Book rooms early to ensure a relaxing holiday, bathing, fishing, painting. Near Delos. Mod. cons. Half pension £1 a day, or by arrangement. Box 7632.

PRIVATE skiing party Switzerland, 15 days air. 17 Feb. S.a.e.: Kent, 5 Blackwell Gardens, Edgware.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FIRST - CLASS DUPLICATING (Reports, Memoranda, Price Lists etc., PROFESSIONAL TYPING (MSS, Tapes), VERBATIM SHORTHAND (Conference Reporting etc.), TRANSLATING, PRIVATE TUITION (Shorthand/Typing etc.)

MABEL EYLES AND PARTNERS,
10 BEACONSFIELD ROAD,
LONDON, N11 (ENTerprise 3324).

ALL kinds of typewriting and duplicating Maureen Garnham, 8 St George's Terrace NW1 PRI 7142

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses, etc. Revision/editing Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx STO 6020

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you 26 Charing Cross Rd TEM 5588

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU 6136

ACCURATE, expert service. Marjorie Vernon, 34 Newman St. W1 LAN 0740

EXPERT typing & duplicating, MSS a speciality WEStern 6259.

DUPLG/Typg, MSS. Mod. charges: Mary Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Essex.

EXPERT Typewriting. Moderate charges. Jackson, 32 Samuel Street. Crewe.

TYPING, Type-Facsimile, duplicating, mailing, invoicing, calculating, translations, private dictation, verbatim reports etc. The Type-Facsimile Service, 11 Ludgate Hill, EC4. CITy 3586.

DUPLICATING, Mailing, Typing letters, MSS, Schedules, Accounts & Tapes etc., Consult General Manager, Reed's Agency, 291a Archway Road, N6. FIT. 2241.

SHORTHAND-Typing Dictation Service, Typing, Duplicating, Mailing, Translations, Tapes etc. Ainslies Secretarial Service, 1 Dover Street, W1. HYD. 9503.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service 31 Kensington Church St, W8 WES 5809

FACSIMILE Typewritten Letters, matching-in, addressing, duplicating, mailing, statistical and general typing, dictabelts, tapes, letterpress, calculating, translations, dictating facilities. Imperial Typewriting Service, 36/38 Dean St, W1. GER. 7074.

FRENCH translations by Fellow Institute of Linguists. Also German and Dutch by mem. of FIT – Inst. fees. Box 7499.

TRANSLATIONS, typing, duplicating, top class work Ainslies Secretariat, 1 Dover St. (corner Piccadilly) W1 HYD 5995

WHERE TO STAY

MIDHURST District. Ideal for a quiet stay, off the beaten track. Licensed, putting, billiards. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, nr Petersfield, Rogate 93.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world (25s. for six months.)
U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air).
By air mail to Europe 90s.; *Middle East* 98s.; *N. & S. America, India & Pakistan* 118s.; *Australia, New Zealand, Japan,* 140s.
By air freight to W. Africa 90s.; *E. Africa* 95s.; *S. Africa (Johannesburg), India* 98s.; *Australia* 130s.

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

WHERE TO STAY—continued

OPEN all year round the popular 'Oakdale' Guest House at Newton Ferrers, nr Plymouth, S. Devon. (Noted Beauty Spot.) Large comfortable family rooms available with own luxury bathroom & lobby. C.h. and c.h.w. Sun verandah. Children and animals welcome. Book through London Secretary, Mrs Taylor, 49 Queen Victoria Street, EC4. CITy 2912 (evenings ELStree 5688).

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex Robertsbridge 426.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

LARGE furn. room with separate kit. in friendly rooming house in Victorian Muswell Hill. Own sink and cooker. Use bath. 4 gns. TUDor 8911 after 7 p.m.

ATTRACT. sgle furn. b/s, with h. & c., ckg facs. 3 gns. Refs. TUD. 0516.

HAMPSTEAD. Comf. bed-sitter, use of kit., bath, phone, linen. HAM. 2754.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms. £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLATSHARERS Register, 11 Beauchamp Place, London, SW3. KNI. 0232/0395.

WHITSTABLE: terrace house, 3 bedrms, 2 recep., kit., bathrm, toilet. 4 gns p.w. Unfurn. Long let. No premium. Please 'phone FLAxman 9000.

UNFURN. flat in farmhouse, 30 miles London. S/c 1st fl. Spacious liv., dble and single bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, mod. cons. Long let £5 p.w. Children welcome. Scarletts Farm, Cowden (2114) Kent.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

HAS anyone got an unfurn. room with ckg, bath facils, Central/City/E. London areas, to let to young girl so that she can get to her work in the East End? Box 7522.

INOFFENSIVE couple, scholarly tastes, sk warm, furn., temporary rooms or flat. Reasonable rent. WC1 or near. Box 7612.

YOUNG prof. man (bachelor), seeks s/c. furnished flat from 6 Jan. Central London, pay up to 7 gns. Box 7634.

YOUNG man, Cantab., wishes share flat with 2 or 3 others, SW1/3/7, W1, NW1. Box 7543.

YOUNG man seeks urgently flatlet (pref. s/c.), some cleaning, reasonable rent; or large bed-sit., use k. & b., breakfast an advantage. Box 7644.

CORNWALL or Devon – furnished house 11-25 August. Sleep 5. Quiet place, safe sea-bathing. Write Box 7560.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JAPANESE Socialist urgently requires a copy of R. H. Tawney's 'Secondary Education for All'. Will pay up to £4. Write Box 7554.

AS on BBC TV 'Perspective' Hunter Diack's 'Thinking in Numbers'. 12s. 6d. from bookshops or direct from Peter Skinner, 71 Upper Parliament St, Nottingham.

THE optimism of Modern China, its life, work, leisure - text and pictures in monthly 'China Reconstructs'. Subscription 10s. p.a. post free from Peking. Subscribe before end January and receive gift of 12 sheets elegant traditional writing paper. Collet's Subs. Import Dept, 44 Museum Street, London, WC1.

'WORLD Peace', The Journal of International Pacifism Quarterly. Two years – $4.00. Post Office Box 6537S, Atlanta 15. Georgia. USA.

JANUARY Storyteller. Fourteen prize-winning short stories. 2s. All bookstalls.

LLOYD'S Bookshop 64 High St. Wimbledon. New room now open. 2nd-hand books, prints. Christmas cards. new books suitable as presents

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. Labour Party/TUC/CI Congress Rpts. We collect. RIV 6807, The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht, R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

BOOKS bought. Labour Movement; History; Politics; Literary Criticism. Ring Stanley Noble. MOU. 2831. Day or evening.

ANY book on any subject supplied promptly by post. Unique exchange-and-save scheme available. Express Book Service, 37 Dryden Chambers, Oxford St, W1.

HAMPSTEAD'S High Hill Bookshop is now open every weekday from 9-7 p.m. Nearly 2,500 paperback titles in stock. 6 High Street, NW3 (HAM 2218).

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

XUM